

14th ANNUAL

02892

SICK

50¢

1974

80
PAGES

THIS ISSUE IS FOR THE BIRDS

- PLUS**
- CUTOUTS
 - POSTERS
 - LABELS, etc.

BOOK BONUS: 16 HILARIOUS PAGES IN COLOR
PARODY OF JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL
JONATHAN SEGAL CHICKEN

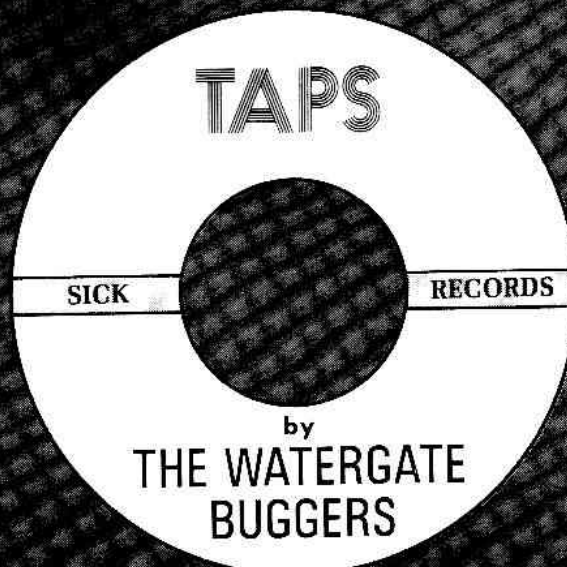


EXTRA CUTOUT BONUS:

Fool friends who browse through your record collection by pasting these labels over the original ones...



RECORD LABELS



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(cover painting by JOE SIMON)

Editorial Director
PHIL HIRSCH

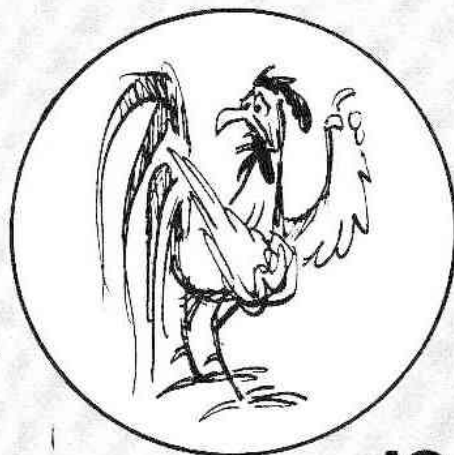
Editor
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page 17



page 19



page 40



page 74

Years ago almost all stand-up comics logists are an accepted part of the the way and have...

STAND-UP FROM OTHER MIN

THE AMERICAN INDIAN COMIC

Me no get no respect... many moon ago, squaw tell me take out garbage. She no mean trash can. She mean my belongings inside tepee. Me tell you... not easy being redskin these days. Sunburn ointment never work. (PAUSE) That joke, white man. You laughum or me scalpum. Remember what we do-um to Custer! Anyway, me tired. You think it easy standing all day in front of cigar store? Better than posing all time for face on nickel. Me only kidding. Me no have to do this for living. Me know Jane Fonda. Besides, me got other job. Me teach Indians when they jump from plane to yell "Paratrooper!" (PAUSE) That another joke, white man. Better laughum or me do big rain dance right here on stage. Oh, oh... me go now. Me see John Wayne in audience. Him carrying sign saying "Better Dead Than Red!"

Art by JACK SPARLING



...were white. Today, black mono-
nightclub scene. So why not go all

COMICS

ORITY GROUPS

Script by ALAN HEWETSON

THE CHINESE-AMERICAN COMIC

Good evening, honorable lady and gentleman. Funny thing happen on way to work here. Honorable mugger point gun at me and say: "Give me all your money...to take out!" This tough business for honorable son like me. Get coolie wages and not Chinaman's chance to be big star. That is why I keep honorable day job. Work in Chinese Hand Laundry. And it is not easy...laundering Chinese hands all day. You think black man and red man have trouble? Yellow man got real problem. Take honorable brother-in-law...please. He yellow and very fat. Every time he cross the street, people yell at him "Taxi!" Hard to understand you white people. All look alike. And all ask me same question: "Should we admit Red China in U.N.?" Honorable answer is no. If we admit them, an hour later they will only want to be admitted again!





THE PUERTO RICAN COMIC

Hallo, everybody. Very hoppy be here tonight. Very hoppy be anywhere. I live in furnished room with 18 brother and sister. Last night had big accident. The bed broke. You wanna know why we people all wear pointed shoes? To kill cockroaches in the corner. Our neighborhood is so dirty, when the White Knight rides in he gets grease stains. People they all ask me, "Manuel, what you gonna do with all your garbage?" That's easy. I'm gonna open up a Puerto Rican restaurant. Things are tough for our people. Today if a Puerto Rican marries a black person he's a social climber. You wanna know how tough it is? Years ago they asked Adolf Eichmann to come to New York to handle the Puerto Rican situation!

THE POLISH-AMERICAN COMIC

Good evening, ladies and...er...um...ladies and...oh, forget it! This is Mikos Cockamamowski, your Polish emcee. A funny thing happened to me on the way here. I...uh...er um...I mean, I...I forgot it. Never mind. Anyway, I'm happy to be here at the...um...er...the...whatever this place is called. While standing outside, a man came up to me and said...er um...he said...uh...I forgot what he said, but anyway I said...um er...I said...uh...oh, never mind, it probably wasn't too funny anyway. Let me tell you about my dressing room. It's so small that...um er...so small that...I forgot how small it is. And so, in closing, I'd like to leave you with two words:...er um...er um...**THAT'S IT! Those are the two words: ER UM!!**



"You'll like me, I'm a real cut-up!" — Jack The Ripper

Let's face it—pollution is here to stay! It's been with us for years now and nothing significant's been done about it. So like, it stands to reason that it'll be around a little longer. Thus, we might as well stop fighting pollution, accept it as inevitable and even learn to enjoy it. And the way to do this is to give pollution a better "image." So it won't be so frightening. To show you what can be done, SICK has come up with sure-fire ways...

How to give POLLUTION a better image so we can learn to live with it!

Script by JOE CATALANO

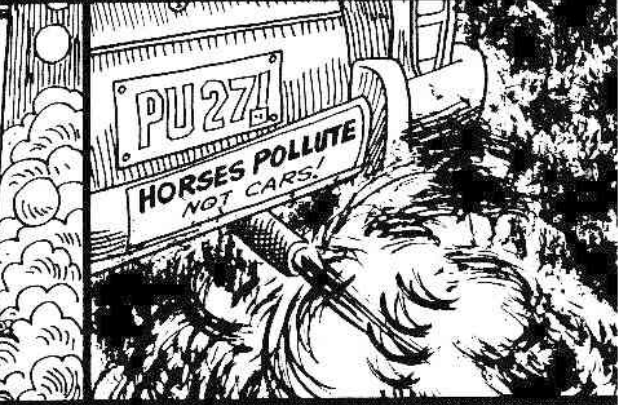
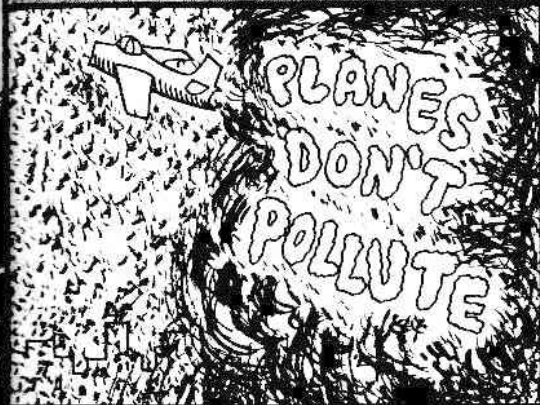
Art by TONY TALLARICO

AT FIRST, SMALL ADVERTISING SIGNS CAN BE USED HERE AND THERE TO START CONDITIONING THE PEOPLE...

IN THE AIR

ON THE GROUND

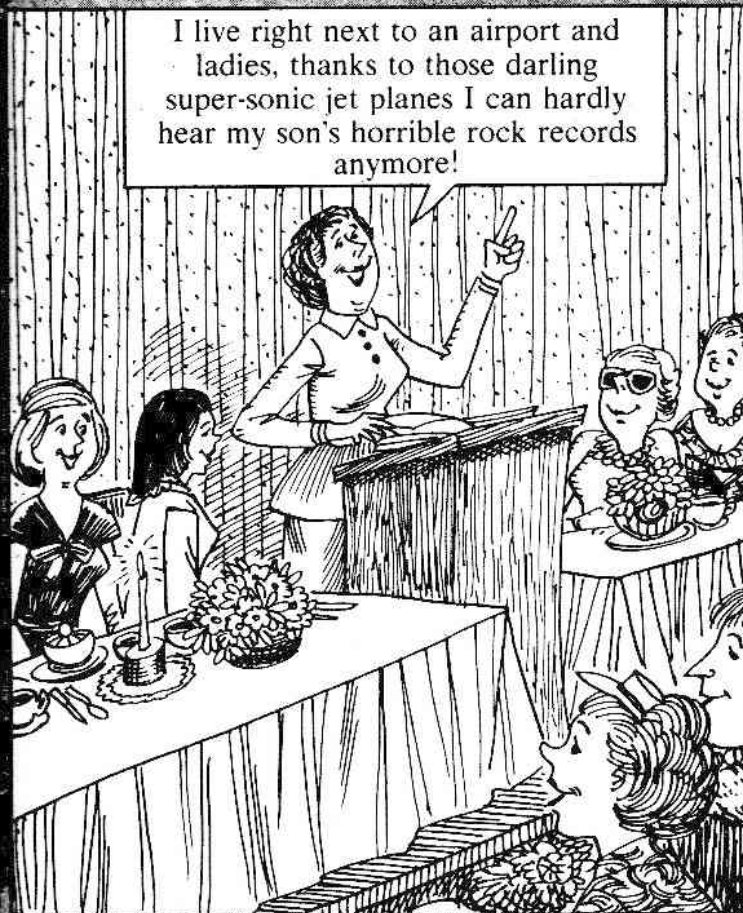
EVERYWHERE



THEN, THE CAMPAIGN CAN REALLY GET UNDERWAY AS IT BECOMES A LIVE ISSUE IN DIFFERENT WALKS OF LIFE...

AT A LADIES' LUNCHEON

IN A TV INTERVIEW



SOON POLLUTION WILL GET TO BE VERY POPULAR AS IT BECOMES FRONT PAGE NEWS OF HUMAN INTEREST...

MAN WALKS ON WATER

Biblical Prophecy Comes True

Fred Futz, an itinerant berry-picker, became the first man in modern history to walk across Lake Erie. Thanks to tons upon tons of waste and garbage that has been accumulating over the years, Lake Erie became solid enough last week so that Mr. Futz could make his historic trek.

Mr. Futz walked the entire distance without getting the bottom of his shoes wet. Next week, Mr. Futz plans to drive across in a 1923 Hudson.

There is no truth to the rumor however, that Mr. Futz will walk to the top of Mount Sinai and wait for another Commandment.

Bumper Morgan wears

POLLUTION CREATING MASTER RACE

SO SAYS LEADING SCIENTIST

A renowned scientist, addressing the Association of International Ecology yesterday, has come up with the thesis that pollution will bring about a master race. As the anonymous speaker declared, "those too weak to handle all the poisonous additives to their food, clothing and very air they breathe are better off out of it anyway. Those who survive will really be superior. Insofar as the question, what to do with all the empty beer cans and gum wrappers, the scientist is presently working on that."

GRAND CANYON FINALLY FILLED

No Longer Unsightly Hole

After thousands of years of being nothing but barren useless land, the last area of the vast Grand Canyon was filled in early this morning with assorted debris. Credit for the feat was given to the Can and Paper Makers of America, whose accumulated products led to this phenomenon. No longer will this desolate hole be an eyesore on the American landscape. Already, plans are being made to put up a middle-class housing development on the site. The local Chamber of Commerce was unavailable for comment. They are busy investigating unconfirmed reports of strange aromas, some filtrating nearby areas, some as far away as Salt Lake City.

D.D.T. SAVES MAN'S LIFE

FARMER PRAISES PESTICIDE

Late yesterday afternoon, Rufus Snodgrass, a local farmer, was on his way to an Anti-Pesticides Rally, where he was preparing to throw away all of his old garden chemicals and assorted pollutants. As he was crossing the main street of town, Mr. Snodgrass happened to drop an old bottle of D.D.T. As luck would have it, he bent down to pick up the D.D.T. just as a stray arrow whizzed past his head. "If it hadn't been for that D.D.T. I wouldn't be alive today," Mr. Snodgrass told reporters. "that danged pesticide saved my life!" The arrow was reportedly shot by a near-sighted Indian, recovering from radioactive fallout particles brought about by a recent bomb-test near his reservation.

K. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1972

PRESIDENT COMING OUT FOR POLLUTION

WILL BE KEY CAMPAIGN ISSUE IN '76



LATE CITY EDITION
Weather: Cloudy, mild with showers today, tonight. Cooler tomorrow. Temp. range: today 49-59; Wed. 42-73. Full U.S. report on Page 17.

15 CENTS

We've done all that is humanly possible to please our fish-catching neighbors so that the two of us can live in complete harmony. Just recently we've added tuna fish sandwiches to our employee's luncheons, whether they want it or not!

CAN AN OIL COMPANY AND A TUNA FACTORY OPERATING IN THE SAME AREA, WORK HAND IN HAND?

SAYS THE OIL COMPANY:

SAYS THE TUNA FACTORY:



It's working out great! In fact, the Oil Company has increased our profits by 30%. This is because with all the oil we've been finding on our fish, we don't have to add any to the cans when we pack the tuna. Believe me, I got a gold mine here!

oohh! don't touch me, I've got sunburn!



Remember SUNBURN?

Well, now that's a thing of the past—thanks to that new sun-screening device "Soot In The Sky." This works better than any tanning lotion in blocking out harmful rays of the sun—mainly because it blocks out the sun!

SOOT-IN-THE-SKY
by Chimneys

Look, Ma, No Leaves!



Yes, our community had 98% fewer leaves to rake ever since that new super-highway was built right near our home. What a relief to our backs!

SAVE A BACKACHE TODAY!

Write to your Congressman and support that new Super-Highway being planned right near your home! Send for Free Pamphlet entitled: "Leave Leaves!"

Have you noticed fewer bird droppings on your car?



Thank the men at your local United Smelting Factory—serving the entire community, and parts of the next town. Remember our motto: "We Get Them Before They Get You!"

FRY the friendly skies of United

INSTANT SMOG

SPRAY A LITTLE INDOORS FOR THAT GREAT OUTDOOR SMELL

THE NEW ACTION TOY by...

Willie the SMOKESTACK

NEW 1972 FORD
WITH EXHAUST FUMES IN...
THRILLING COLORS!!
it's a GAS!!

NEW CAMPS WOULD SPRING UP IN WHICH CHILDREN LEARN TO ADJUST TO THE POLLUTION ENVIRONMENT...

I'm your new counselor, Polly Ushan, and today I'm going to show you how to remove oil slicks from your skin after you've gone ocean bathing...

And you boys will learn how to walk on glass so you can play softball on any vacant lot in America.



AND THIRTEENS TO ACQUIRE ADDITIONAL FUNDS FOR POLLUTION RESEARCH

... and the total is now \$8302.

Come on, folks, we need a million more dollars if we're going to get that coal factory built right here on the Main Street of town...



AND FINALLY WE WOULD HAVE THE FIRST "ANNUAL INDUSTRIAL WASTE SHOW"—PLACING ALL OF POLLUTION'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS IN ONE GIGANTIC FAIR...

GAMES

SMUDGE-A-PICTURE- 3 SQUIRTS 40¢

SMOG A SIMULATED CITY 4 SHOTS 25¢

KNOCK THE CHEMICAL INTO THE WATER!! 3 TRIES 25¢

PUT YOUR EAR UP TO A JET ENGINE!! 30¢ TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

FILL-A-HOLE WITH GARBAGE IN 10 SECONDS 5¢



the BUTTON MAN- PEOPLE WITH WATERY EYES INCREASE YOUR WATER SUPPLY!

100% CHEMICALLY GROWN ARTIFICIALLY COLORED AND FLAVORED FOODS

- APPLES IN THE COLOR OF YOUR CHOICE
- MAN MADE VEGETABLES
- ARTIFICIALLY FLAVORED PEARS THAT TASTE LIKE PEACHES

FREE MOVIE AT 12-2 SLUDGE STORY!! "SLUDGE IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SLOPPY!"

ANTIQUE GARBAGE CENTER

THE MEAN ROTTEN KID LOOKS AT CELEBRITIES

by DON FIOTO

Joe Frazier's a 90-lb. weaking
Glenn Campbell's a real city slicker
Howard Hughes is publicity-seeking
Ari-Jackie they constantly bicker!

Dean Martin drinks milk in those glasses
John Wayne is a communist creep
Henry Kissinger cut all his classes
Mrs. Agnew is really the Veep!

Zsa Zsa is covered with rhinestones
Sinatra's got a frog in his throat
Garbo the recluse has nine phones
Namath's mink was but a cloth coat!

Tiny Tim is really a he-man
Jackie Gleason's a thin little runt
Marlon Brando, turns out, is a she-man
Mickey Mantle don't know how to bunt!

Bob Hope is a man who hates soldiers
Dick Nixon does things on a whim
That Twiggy is getting those bulges
Lassie is really a him!

Streisand's old nose was a short one
Raquel Welch has a silicone bust
Every day Billy Graham downs a quart rum
McGraw Hill banks in Irving Trust!

That's what I think of these people
That's what I find makes them tick
That's what I'll shout from the steeple
That's why they say I am sick!

justinman@archive.org



WEATHER:
Clear as Beer
TOMORROW:
A Lot of Hot Air

Since we've already given you a hippie newspaper, we now grant equal time to...

HARD HAT HERALD

Dedicated to Us
Who Disagree with
Commie-Lovers

Written by Warren Emery

The Fourth of July, 1971

Illustrated by Arnoldo Franchioni

Exclusive! HARDHAT SEES HIPPIE PROTEST MARCH AND RUNS AWAY!



ATTENTION Anna May Wong: my laundry is ready ...

For the first time in the history of hard hats, Biff Klutz, a local construction worker, actually ran away from a protest demonstration in front of City Hall yesterday, instead of fighting the protesters.

When asked why he ran, Klutz replied: "I hadda go to the bathroom!" He then quickly added: "Otherwise I woulda clobbered all them sissies, pinkos and crummy weirdos who don't look right, don't smell right, don't think right and don't even know how to talk right!"

Professor Harley Q. Spence-Travers III, Ph.D., head of the English Department at Egghead University, and one of the protesters at the demonstration, declined to comment on Mr. Klutz's accusation.

HARDHATS PICKET BARBER SHOP Object To The Customers

A snarling band of construction workers staged a protest march outside Luigi's Barber Shop on Main Street early this morning. The group attempted to prevent customers from entering the shop and, in most cases, succeeded. Patrons who were successful in getting in were later beaten by the hardhat pickets after they had their haircuts.

Asked to explain the reason for their picketing, Herb Sturdley, leader of the group, stated: "This here Luigi guy, the barber, has been seen trimmin' the hair of hippies and all kinds of bearded weirdos. In other words, he gives haircuts to anybody what walks in. Now, I believe in American principles and all that there, and anybody should be allowed to come into any barber shop he wants but there's limits, ain't there? I mean, if a hippie wears weird clothes or has a beard, it's a sure

thing he's un-American and a pervert, now ain't that right? So Luigi shouldn't serve people like that, that's all what we say!"

Luigi Parniagiani, owner of the shop, had this to say: "I don't wanna no trouble from nobody. I'm tryin' to do my job best I can. I cut the hair from anybody what comes in, so what's wrong with that? I don't ask no politics, I can't tell from lookin' at a guy whether he's a pervert. What can I tell you, with this long-hair today, I'm glad to get ANY customers!"

When asked about the barber-shop patrons his hardhats had beaten up, Mr. Klutz remarked: "They never shoulda gone into the place when they saw we was picketing. Any way, they weren't hurt too bad. They'll all be outa the hospital in three, maybe four weeks!"



HARDHAT SETS WORLD RECORD

*Throws Hippy 187 Ft
From A Standing Start*



In a thrilling display of athletic prowess and hippie-hating ability, Milo Muscles, local hardhat, set a new world mark in protester-throwing yesterday at City Hall before 27,000 cheering spectators. He hurled a bearded hippie 187 feet, 4 inches.

"I love the sportsmanship of it," said the new champion, who is 6'7" and weighs 296 lbs. "Hippy-throwing brings out all your fair-play instincts."

The hurled hippie, who weighs 126 lbs., was reported in fair condition at City Hospital. She is still under observation.

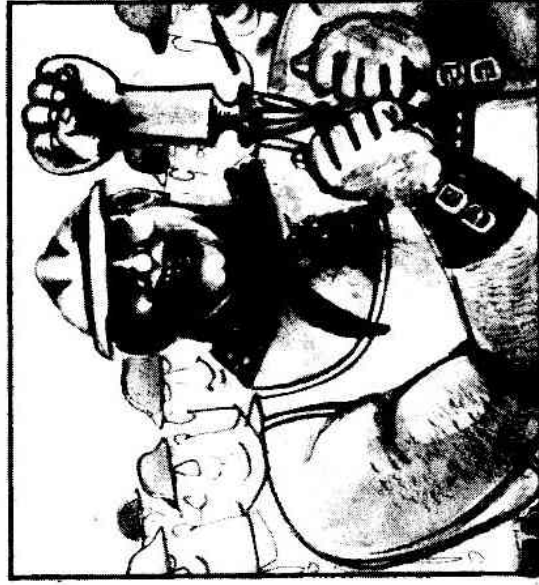
EDITORIAL

We, the editors of the HARDHAT HERALD, have taken some soul-searching looks at the protest situation in our city and have come to a few sensible conclusions we would like to share with you, our faithful readers; and also with you HARDHAT HERALD fans who don't know *how* to read, but have the paper read to you by friends and neighbors (and sometimes by those ignorant hippie sons and daughters of yours who go to college.)

The City Hall area was the scene yesterday of a disgusting display of protesting hippies and commie-lovers who were demonstrating about something or other. This spectacle was enough to infuriate any red-blooded American who saw it. It seems to us that protesting should be OUTLAWED!

Now, this morning another protest demonstration took place when a group of clear-thinking, 100% loyal Americans picketed a barber who, in his vicious, perverted lust for money, actually allows ANYONE to enter his shop, regardless of their appearance! We, the editors of the HARDHAT HERALD salute these brave American men who had the courage and the decency to picket the shop. It always gives us a warm secure feeling to know that some Americans still have the guts to protest when they come across an outrageous situation!

JOHN WAYNE WINS COVETED "FIST" AWARD



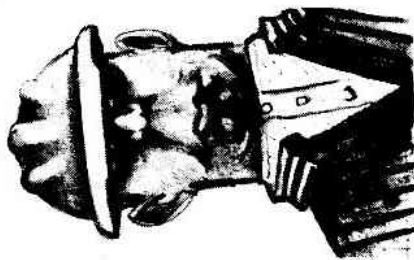
In a colorful presentation last night in Hollywood, veteran actor John "Duke" Wayne won the 1971 "Fist" Award for the Best Performance by an Actor *off* screen.

The award, which is symbolized by a gold-plated, life-size replica of a man's fist, was given to Wayne at the climax of a secret vote taken by members of the American Legion's Favorite-Acting Committee and the Thespian-Judging Section of the John Birch Society.

"This award will be an inspiration to me," said Wayne in his acceptance speech. "I want to thank George Raft and Sonny Tufts for the fine examples of acting they set for me in their own careers. And I also want to thank the producers, directors and script writers for providing me with the same kind of material to work with, year in and year out, in every picture I've ever made, so that I got it down pat. Mainly I want to thank the Vietnam War — without which I never woulda become the biggest man in Hollywood today!"

The Inquiring Reporter

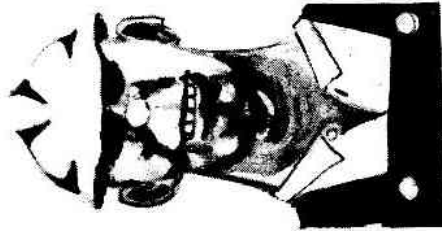
by HARD-HEADED HARRY



QUESTION: What is our biggest problem today? (asked of various hardhats passing by)

John Hockheimer, turret-lathe operator: "Our biggest problem is inflation. This is caused by greedy, money-grabbin' commie manufacturers who keep raising their prices. Now you'll have to excuse me. I gotta go join our picket line. We're striking for our third salary increase this year!"

Ralph Hamhand, riveter-machinist: "Our biggest problem is the lack of education. If everybody had more learnin', we wouldn't have so much trouble. I'm sick of all this trouble. Know who's responsible? All those lousy college kids. I say we gotta keep 'em out of college. All of 'em!"



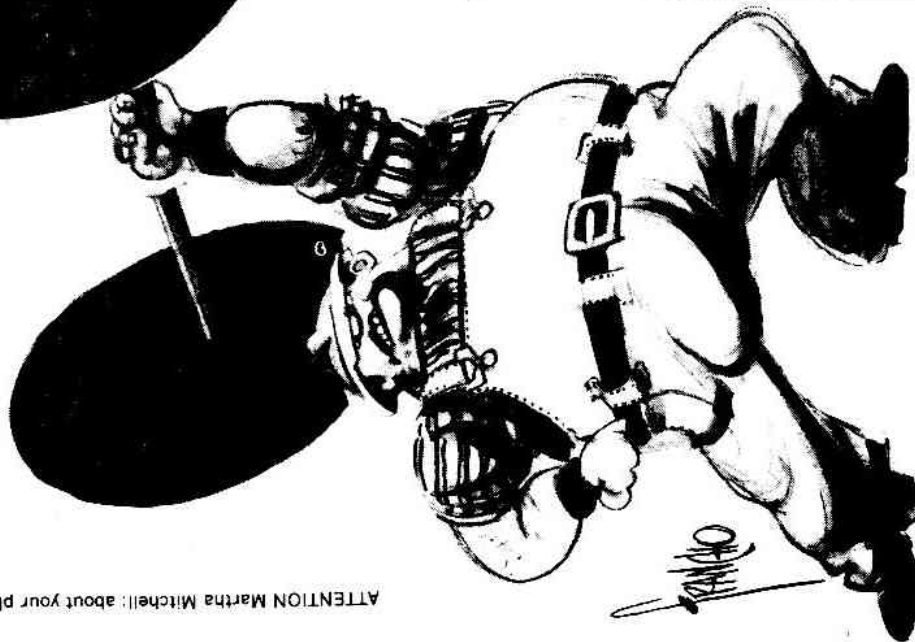
Steve Brawnski, itinerant ditchdigger: "Our biggest problem today is lack of respect. People got no respect for each other. That's bad. It's the fault of those dirty, crummy, rotten city officials, union bigshots and minority groups. We should shoot 'em down like dogs!"

(all names have been changed to protect the innocent)

HARDHAT OLYMPIC GAMES TO ADD NEW EVENT: RAISING THE DUMBBELL

Next year's Hardhat Olympic Games, scheduled to be held in Detroit, will feature a new event: dumbbell-raising. "We're adding this event," said Kazimir Beefy, President of the Olympic Federation of Hardhats, "because we feel that anything having to do with dumbbells would be particularly appropriate to hardhats."

NEWS FLASH FROM TIN PAN ALLEY: Patriotic Records, Inc. is releasing a new LP entitled "The Wit of Richard M. Nixon." Company officials say the record will consist of 40 minutes of absolute silence.



ATTENTION Martha Mitchell: about your phone bill...

This Month's AWARD-WINNING SONG

(based on selections from jukeboxes in diners, luncheonettes, saloons and wherever hardhats gather)

MY HEART SAID 'KILL!'

(tune of "My Heart Stood Still")

I took one look at you;

That's all I meant to do,

And then my heart said "Kill!"

That beard, that protest sign,

Your anti-Agnew line,

They made my heart say "Kill!"

Though not a Commie-word was spoken

Man, I still saw red,

I wished I'd clubbed your head

So you'd be sick in bed!

I never lived at all

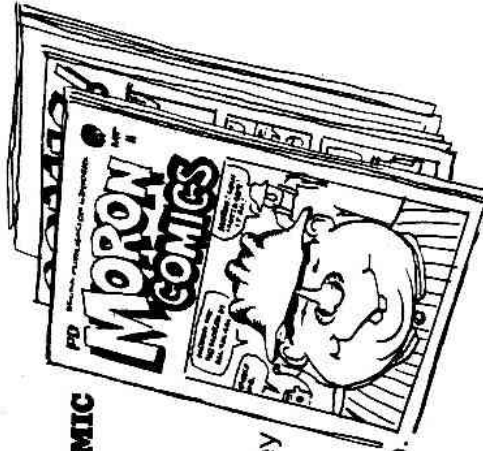
Until the thrill of that moment when

My heart said "Kill!"

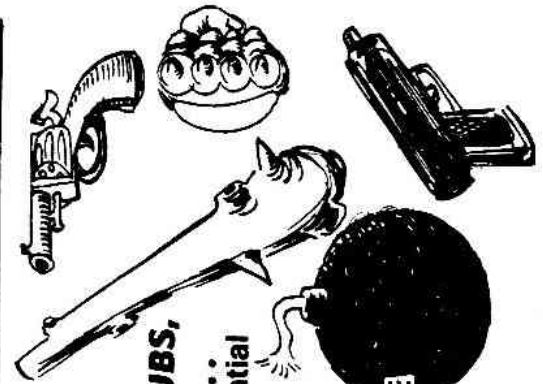
FOR THE HARDHAT WHO HAS EVERYTHING...



"America — Love it or Leave It"
Stickers...
to wear on your jockey shorts or pajamas at night. Just the thing to show your patriotism while you sleep!
Box 1776, Philadelphia.



SALE:
USED COMIC BOOKS —
Ideal for Hardhats
5¢ each
While They Last.
Morrison's Hardhat Bookshop.



BRASS KNUCKLES, PISTOLS, CLUBS, SHOTGUNS...
and other essential items for peace-loving patriots.
Write: **CRUSH ALL VIOLENCE COMMITTEE,**
New York City.

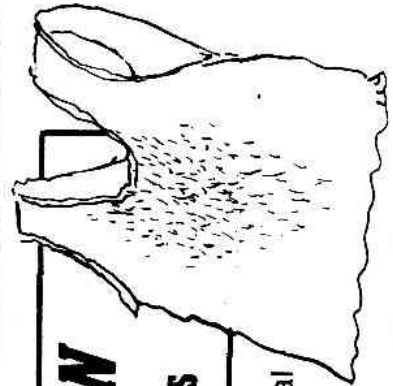
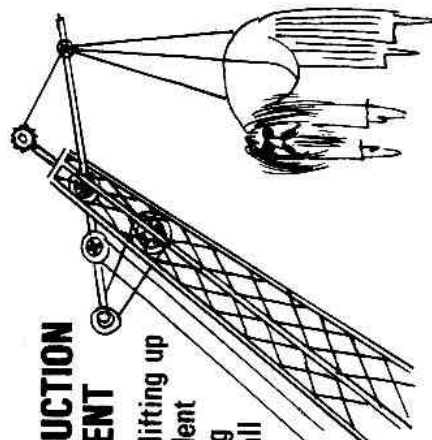


DRINK SLOBBO BEER

in the handy bottle you can use to break up riots (and a few heads!)

USED CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT

Useful for lifting up entire student body during protest. Call 122-4511 and ask for Bruce.



HE-MAN COTTON UNDERSHIRTS

"Ideal for formal wear at the Dinner Table for Dining"

—on sale at Army-Navy Stores everywhere—

Back Page Mini-Editorial



It has come to the attention of the HARDHAT HERALD that a lot of American Indians, instead of being grateful for everything we real Americans have done for them, are still squawking and complaining and raising all kinds of commotion. They've been making unreasonable demands, like asking for better housing, improved education and more opportunities for economic advancement. Some of these troublemakers even took over Alcatraz Island to dramatize their protests, instead of staying on the reservations where they belong!

Now, we're not against minority groups or any kind of inferior people. But we just want to say one thing to those bellyaching, ungrateful, prevented American Indians:

"If you people don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?"

ATTENTION Liberate: have we got a gift for you!

Have you noticed how bad consumer service has gotten lately? No, we're not talking about your SICK newsdealer! We're talking about the Telephone Company... Con Edison... the present Administration. It seems that as prices get higher the service gets worse. And the way things are going we're headed for a complete disaster. Not from the service, from this article... which purports to show how bad things can become...

TELEPHONE COMPANY

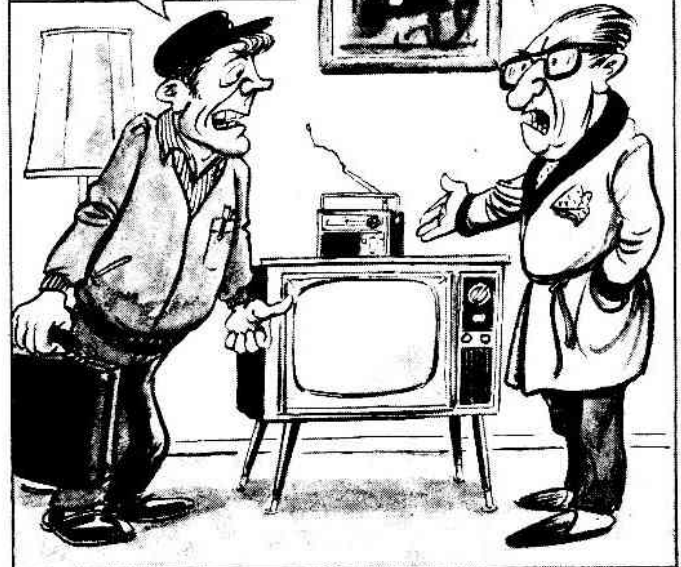
What's that, operator? You want me to look up a number for you? You haven't got a phone book there? What's that? You have, but you don't know how to figure out alphabetical order? Well, let's see now, you start with "A"... no, operator, "A"... "A" as in "Alphabetical"...



TELEVISION REPAIRMEN

You must've blown the main tube. I can see right away you got no picture!

You nitwit! That's my radio you're looking at!



DOCTORS

Hm-m, I can't understand it. This is most peculiar. I've been listening for five minutes already and I can't get a heartbeat!

Maybe if you put that thing on my chest instead of my back you'd hear something!



DENTISTS

Man, that's the biggest cavity I've ever seen in all my years!

What cavity? That's my mouth!

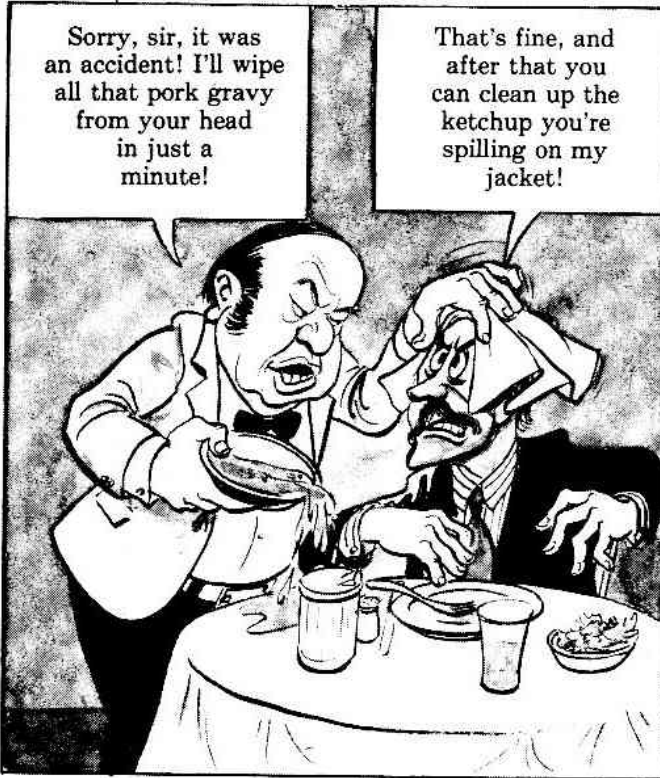


WHEN CONSUMER SERVICES GET EVEN WORSE!

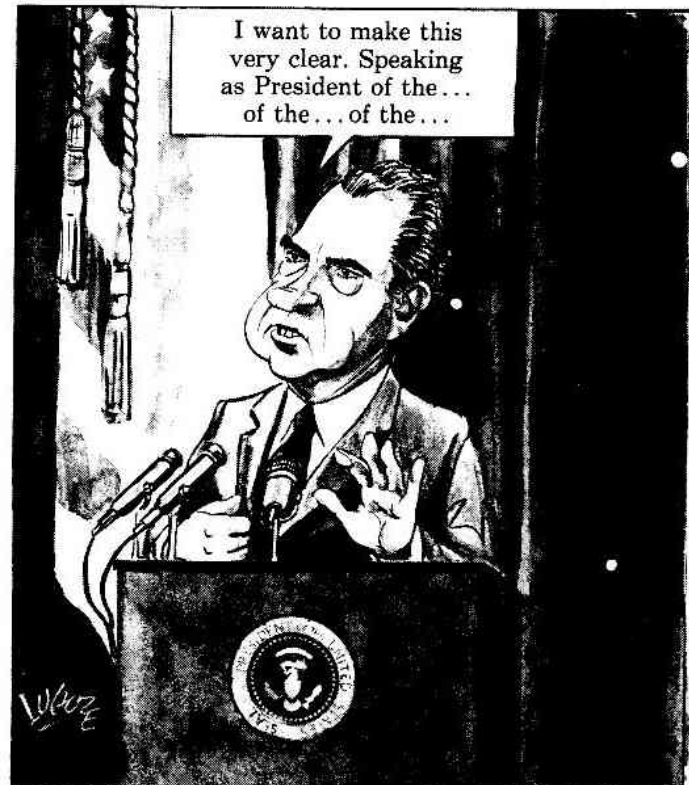
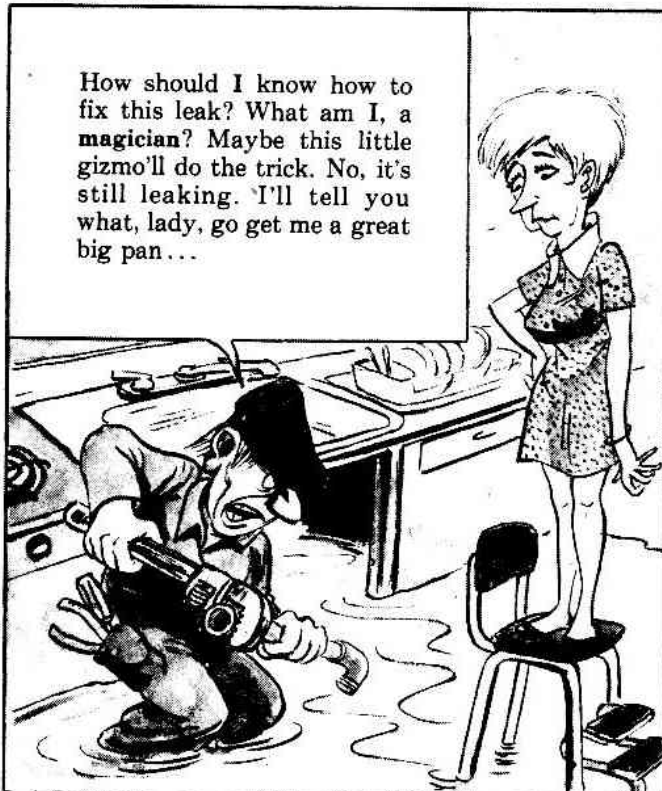
Script by BOB HEIT

Art by LUGOZE

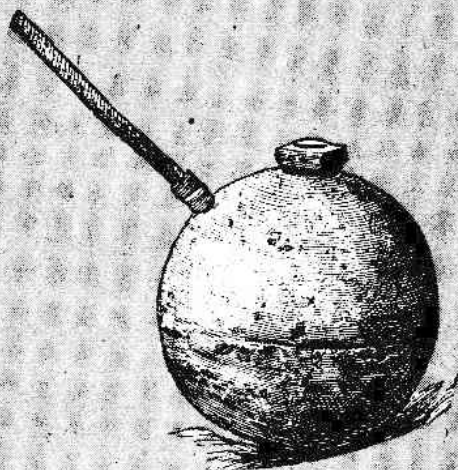
RESTAURANT WAITERS



MOVING MEN



SICK'S TABLE OF MEASURES FOR MODERN TIMES



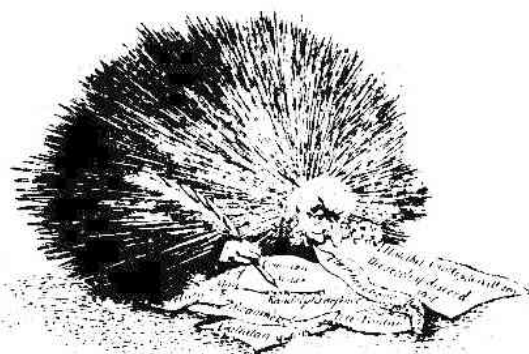
by
GREGG AXELROD

LENGTH MEASURES

12 inches=1 ruler
6 feet=1 grave
3 yards=1 headstart
2 rods=1 hanging curtain
20 miles=1 Army hike

AREA MEASURES

2 knots=1 tangled shoelace
1 furlong=1 3-day pass
2 leagues=1 World Series
2 fathoms=1 wading pool
4 chains=1 winterized car
2 links=1 complete piece
4 hands=1 bridge game
2 spans=16 piano notes
10 acres=1 squatter



"Man, what a bunch of amateurs!" — Ted Mack

LIQUID MEASURES

1 dram=1 curse word
2 pints=1 drunk
4 quarts=8 D.T.'s
12 gallons=1 road mile
1 liter=1 sloppy street
10 pecks=1 hickey
4 bushels=800 apples
2 barrels=1 shotgun

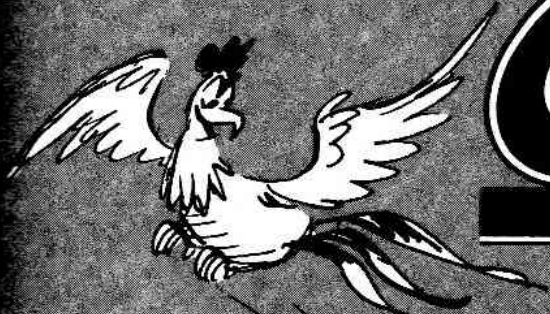
WEIGHT MEASURES

2 ounces=1 fix
3 pounds=1 black eye
4 hundredweights=1 hernia
5 tons=1 cave-in

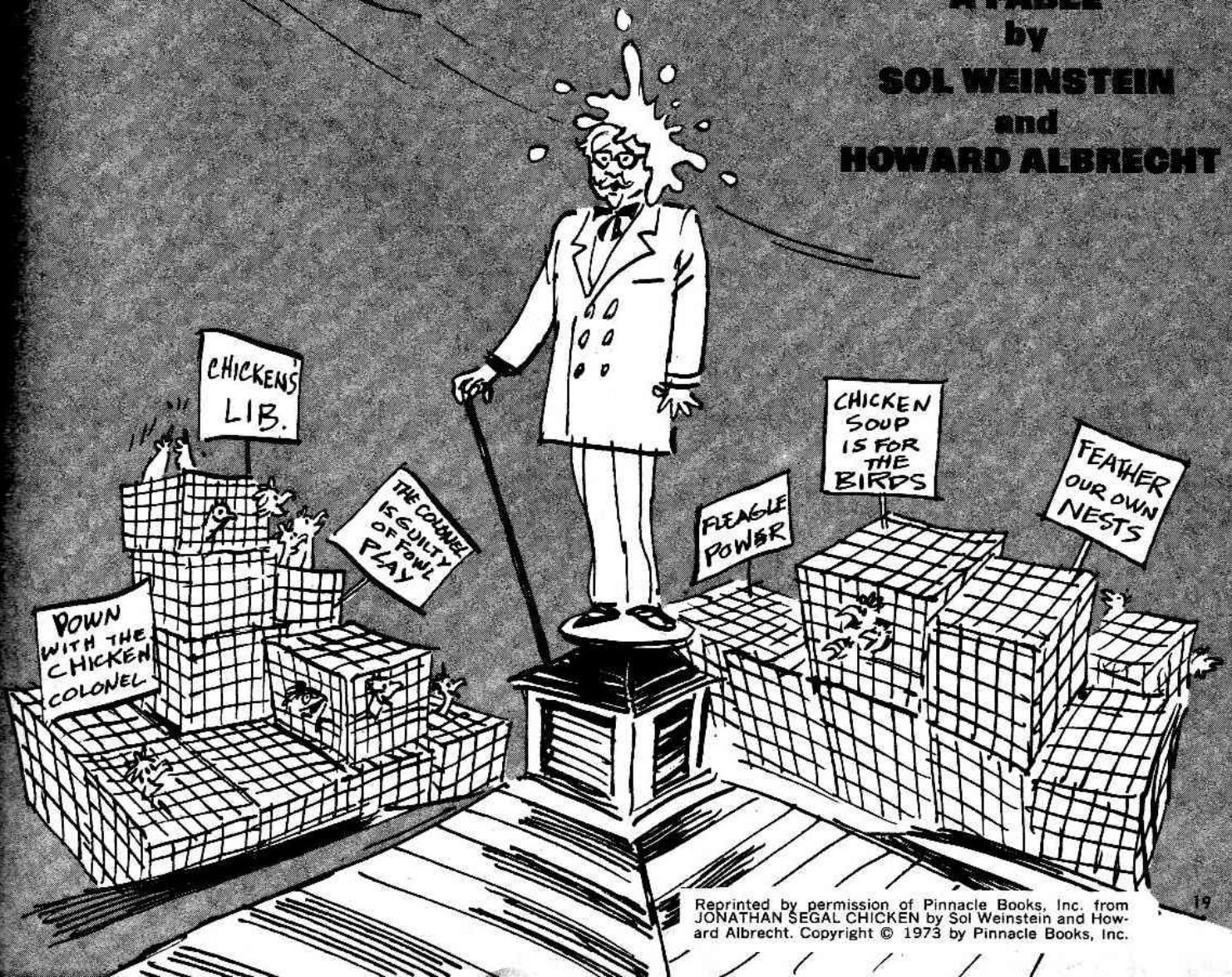
TIME MEASURES

2 seconds=1 duel
3 minutes=1 soft-boiled egg
4 hours=1 Humphrey speech
30 days=1 jail sentence
2 weeks=1 vacation
9 months=1 delivery
13 years=1 Bar-Mitzvah

Jonathan Segal Chicken



A FABLE
by
SOL WEINSTEIN
and
HOWARD ALBRECHT





Dawn came at 4:45 A.M. on the chicken farm of Nathan and Jennie Berkowitz, a four-acre plot near the great resort hotels of the Catskill Mountains of central New York State, known to tourists all over the world as the Borscht Belt. John Cameron Timex Chicken, the farm's wake-up rooster, sighed, shook the drowsiness out of his head and hopped up on a fencepost to do his thing. He let go a staccato cock-a-doodle that woke up the thousands of birds quartered in rows of low, tin-roofed houses.

While Mr. Berkowitz doled out feed to the chickens, Mrs. Berkowitz gathered the eggs. Yes, John Cameron Timex Chicken mused, there they were, doing what chickens had always done since the beginning of time, eating as much as they could as fast as they could, totally immersed in a squawking, flapping fight for existence.

Except one. In a nearby meadow, far apart from the others, stood a russet rooster, all sinews and bone, his stubby feathers working furiously in the breeze. He was Jonathan Segal Chicken, and more than anything else in the world, he wanted to fly.



For Jonathan Segal Chicken, flying did not mean that paltry poultry three-second airborne burst a chicken sometimes achieves either in rushing for its food or bolting in terror from a fox or hawk. It meant *flying*, up in the sky flying, wild blue yonder flying, the kind he had seen birds one-tenth his size doing with arrogant ease—robins, bluejays, finches . . . even a miniscule hummingbird. There's a bird who hums 'cause he can't remember the words . . . and *he* flies, Jonathan thought bitterly.

So for the last 10 days, while the others pursued their mundane chicken life, Jonathan had been busy from dawn to sundown, testing the wind currents, trying to catch them in his tail feathers, racing over the ground in preparation for takeoffs, time and time again enduring humiliation by bouncing off barns, ramming tree limbs and once crashing through a billboard, leaving the adorable child in the Crest toothpaste advertisement still with no cavities, but also with no head.

But on the ninth day, something amazing had occurred. During a pellmell rush, he had caught a current, made a subtle tucking in of his legs and, oh miracle of miracles, had been able to ride it some 300 feet and effect a smooth landing.

In that moment, 50 feet above the ground, looking down at trees instead of up, he had been suffused with the rapture he had dreamed about. He was flying. And also, because he had scraped the top of an elm, bleeding. But that was a piddling price to pay for such ecstasy.

In his excitement, when it was time to return to the barnyard, he did not walk across the meadow as was his usual practice, but flew, landing smack in the middle of the flock pecking at the supper grains, causing immediate fright, for they thought Warfield the chicken hawk, a lethal foe, had come on one of his bloody raids.

"Wait, wait!" he called to the plump little behinds disappearing under the henhouses. "It's me, Jonathan. What's the matter with you? You all chicken?"

His familiar voice brought them back into view, some boiling in anger (albeit boiling was a hazardous experience for a chicken) at the startling manner in which he had appeared, a few of the cockerels and pullets definitely in awe.

"Oy," lamented his mother, the rotund Bella Segal Chicken. "Why, Jonathan, must you fly around crazy like a *person* without a head? It's my fault," and she beat her ample breast as all mothers, feathered or not, are prone to do. "He got those idiotic ideas from me. Why, oh why, did I line his nest with brochures from Eastern Airlines?"

"You're right, Bella," was the smug remark from Morris Segal Chicken, his father. "His craziness comes from your side of the family."

"What do you mean my side?" Bella beaked back.

"Your brother Sidney, the one who fell in love with the weather vane . . . on a Baptist Church yet. He wasn't out of his comb?" Then he turned to his son. "Jonathan, you've got to stop this flying business. If the Lord had wanted chickens to fly, He would have given us wings."

"And what are these?" Jonathan answered, flapping his feathery appendages and rising five feet off the ground. "Coathangers?"

"Again with the smart answers?" his father said with blatant irritation. "Go to your coop without your supper."

So Jonathan went to sleep without supper, but Bella Segal Chicken later that night did steal in shortly after he closed his eyes to slip a few kernels into his beak.





"Son," she said sorrowfully, "give up this nonsense. Come down to earth. There's a whole life for you down here, plenty to do. You've got friends to play with, a whole farm to dig up, and in the next coop Rose Nitzberg Chicken has a lovely pullet named Marilyn, a fine, sweet girl, a social worker. She works with Capons, help them to readjust. Would that be so terrible if you got together?"

"You don't understand, Mom. Ever since I was laid as an egg, I appreciate what you and Pop have done for me, but I've discovered there's something bigger out there than just pecking around a barnyard. There's flight . . . freedom."

"All I know is the life I grew up in," Bella said, but by then, Jonathan was dozing, a smile on his beak, for in his dream he was soaring high in the clouds, even faster than the swallows for whose benefit he was holding up a sign: CAPISTRANO—THIS WAY.

Even a mother's entreaties cannot stay a headstrong boy from his dreams, and Jonathan continued to sharpen his skills . . . executing inside rolls, outside rolls, barrel rolls, even onion rolls, which he obtained by swooping down on Grossinger's Hotel, for a chicken still has to eat.

From that modest 50-foot level, he had vaulted ever upward . . . 100 feet, 500 feet, even to 1,000 feet where the air was colder, the winds wilder. With his increasing altitude came a corresponding increase in speed . . . 30 miles an hour . . . 40, 50, and he knew that by further straining, there was no limit to what he could achieve.

Flushed with triumph from his latest ventures in the sky, Jonathan again came fluttering down in the midst of the flock, an exultant "Geronimo!" issuing from his bill.

His childhood pal, Hennie Youngman Chicken, the acknowledged funny fellow of the flock, who because of the farm's proximity to those great Catskill hotels and their entertainers had picked up such humorous gems as, "Why does a chicken cross the road? To get to a hen with a yen! Show me an all-chicken production of Shakespeare and I'll show you a fowl play!" greeted him with an amazed, "Wow, Jonathan, that's some finger-lickin' flight!" a remark which drew dark mutterings for a term like "finger-lickin'" in a chicken's frame of reference was strictly hard-core pornography.



Morris and Bella Segal cringed, for advancing into the center of the excited flock came a group of elders led by Tevyeh Mostel Chicken, huge, portly, a trifle gray around the wattles and wise in the ways of chickendom.

"Jonathan Segal Chicken." The voice boomed out of the massive chest, and all in the flock quaked. One quacked, a duck in drag.

"Jonathan Segal Chicken," Tevyeh repeated. "You must stop this reckless, undignified flying. You are giving all chickens a bad name."

"But it's not that way at all," Jonathan protested and the others shuddered. Here was an uppity young cock who had the temerity to question Tevyeh. "It means a new deal for chickens, a new lifestyle, a new reason for being."

"You are violating everything we stand for."

"But what is it we stand for? The highest we can get in life is to maybe stand on a roof."

Tevyeh smiled tolerantly. "A chicken on the roof. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But in this Berkowitz barnyard, we're all chickens on the roof, trying to scratch out an existence. And what keeps us going, Jonathan? I'll tell you in one word. Tradition."

With that sacred word, the other chickens gathered in an immense circle, awaiting the next sagacious remark from old Tevyeh.

"It's tradition."

Even as he intoned these words, the chickens began a sort of high-stepping strut, the circle started to move, the roosters chanting, "Yai-del, dai-del, dai!" the biddies picking it up with their "biddy-biddy-bim-bime!" and Tevyeh cleared his throat and sang.

"Who is the creature made for men to bi—ite,
Every Friday ni—ight,
By the Sabbath li—ight?
Whose awful fate is to end up on a plate,
And feed the human race's face?"

The chorus cried out:

"The chicken!"

"Tradition!"

A group of hens burst into song. Then the pullets came forth and in their high feminine voices told of their part in the scheme of this feathered world, and Hennie the clown, ever





theatrical, sang something about chicks and ducks and geese having to scurry, and though the music was swelling to unimaginable power, Tevyeh still heard Hennie's faux pas and screamed, "Gevaldt! Why are you singing from 'Oklahoma'?" and just stopped himself from dressing Hennie down, for "dressing" was another unspeakable obscenity in chicken talk.

As the music hit a crashing climax, old Tevyeh said, "So you see, Jonathan Segal Chicken, without our traditions, our lives would be as perilous as . . . as . . . a chicken on the roof!"

Hennie Youngman Chicken snapped his claws. "Oh, man, that's dynamite! Tevyeh, why don't we take it to Broadway?"

"Enough of your show business nonsense!" the old leader growled. "Now you understand, Jonathan, that from egg to rotissimat, our life is predestined" . . . and he bit his beak, for in his attempt to curb the excesses of this outlandish young cock, he had let slip another unspeakable obscenity—rotissimat. "Accept your life and live with us in harmony. We were not made to fly. Forget flying, landing, takeoffs."

"If I don't work on those takeoffs, I'll end up in a restaurant as a take-out," Jonathan said, his bold comeback shocking the circle, for who had ever dared to challenge Tevyeh before? "And what I have learned, I can impart to you," he went on, but by now the flock, seeming almost to wither under Tevyeh's baleful stare, was backing off, their minds shut to his eagerness.

And so, one by one, even Hennie, they stole away and Jonathan Segal Chicken, who wanted to fly, was alone.

Cut loose from the rest, he now experienced complete solitude, but strangely did not mind. Having crossed the line, he felt free to follow his dream. He flew every waking moment, higher, faster, using the winds as his rudders and propellants.

At night, feather-tired but happy, Jonathan Segal Chicken slept in the meadow, his break with the others complete.

But on one of those nights when a stillness hung over the Catskills, he heard a rustle in the tall grass and saw two red pinpoints of eyes and a slavering mouth and sharp teeth illuminated by the moonlight, and he blanched, for he knew that one of chickendom's most feared enemies was on the loose . . . a fox!

In nights past, he would have cowered in a corner under Bella's warm body, making ready for the worst, but the new, suddenly emboldened Jonathan was able to elevate in one burst some 10 feet above the crawling marauder.

At the sight of the chicken hovering over him, the bewildered fox's long red bushy tail stood up in horror and he dodged as Jonathan dived at him, his spurs raking and beak pecking. "Gottenu!" screamed the fox. "It's impossible! I'm being attacked by a chicken. I heard of a worm turning, but never a chicken."

"Did you say 'Gottenu?'—'my God'?" said Jonathan as he sat on a tree branch out of the fox's reach.

"Yes," said the fox. "And why not? My name is I. J. Fox."

"The furrier?"

"No, the fur. But you understand my language. Are you Jewish, too?"

"Vu den? (What else?) When your name is Jonathan Segal Chicken, you're not exactly a member of the New York Athletic Club."

The next morning, Jonathan skipped his usual early flight. Having made a great decision, he was getting himself ready.

"Jonathan?" His mother's voice cackled softly in the dawn air. "You're leaving, aren't you?"

"How did you know? I only made up my mind last night."

"A mother knows, Jonathan."

"How's Pop taking my banishment?"

"Don't ask. But since you asked, I'll tell you. Morris Segal Chicken told me, 'Bella, we don't have a son anymore. Our son is dead. I'm sitting shiva (mourning period for the dead) for him.' But this morning," her voice lowered, "when I told him I was coming to see you off, that father of yours dissolved right in front of me like a blob of chicken fat. And he told me to give you this, because he knows there'll be days when you'll be hungry." She pressed something into his toes.

"Aw, Mom, you shouldn't have—a six-pack of worms."

"We were saving it for our old age, but you take it, son. Now, Jonathan, you'll take care of yourself?"

"I will."



"You'll keep your feathers dry. You don't want to catch a cold."

"I won't."

"And Jonathan, now that you're flying, you'll be meeting a lot of different things up there in the air. Like maybe a model airplane. They look cute, but stay away from them. Believe me, those mixed marriages never work. You heard about my brother Sidney with the weathervane."

"I'll stay clear."

"And, Jonathan," she seemed a trifle embarrassed. "I know you're part of a wild, new generation that does strange things, but you won't eat any funny seeds. . ."

"No funny seeds."

With a final clucking sob, she embraced him and rushed away.

The last tie cut, Jonathan Segal Chicken revved up his feathers, took a long run over the gentle grass, caught a felicitous breeze and was airborne, turning back once to look at the Catskills that had been his home from the moment he had been just an eggdrop in his father's eye, to see again old Farmer Berkowitz rocking on the front porch and sipping tea through a lump of sugar clenched in his bridge, to smell for possibly the last time that homey vapor of schmaltz herring that hung over Sullivan County's hundreds of hotels like a weather inversion, to see chubby ladies on the front lawns doing morning calisthenics between bites of chocolate eclairs, to hear a hundred loudspeakers cry out, "Complimentary dance lessons at 3 P.M. today on the handball court, featuring instructors Ricardo and Lucille" . . . and then he banked sharply and was gone to a new part of his life.

TWO

"We gotta do something," said Saul Ilson, a bleary-eyed air traffic controller at New York City's John F. Kennedy Airport, to a fellow skywatcher. "I keep telling the FAA we're overworked monitoring hundreds of flights in and out of here every day, but tell me, Ernie, is that thing you see on the screen a Cessna, a Piper Cub . . . or a chicken?"

Ernie Chambers giggled. His compadre in the tower had surely blown not only his engine, but his landing lights. "A chicken on radar?" He looked. The fat Corona cigar fell out of his mouth and singed his beard. "Saul, you're right. We'd better strike for shorter hours. I do see a chicken."

Jonathan Segal Chicken had come to the big town.

What a wondrous sight unfolded before his eyes as he sat atop the railing on the 86th floor of the Empire State Building. The town was alive with honking cabs, people scurrying in and out of subways, buses chugging down the main streets, stores ablaze with light, skyscrapers humming with activity . . . a certain electricity in the air about all of it, for which Con Edison was getting a pretty penny.

Amid the hustle and bustle, he could see beautiful Central Park, an oasis of greenery, and its young lovers, who were mugging the old lovers. At the entrance of Radio City Music Hall were two dozen lovely young ladies, the Rockettes, who in perfect choreographic precision were kicking a masher to death. In the harbor stood the lady with the torch, the Statue of Liberty, proclaiming her immortal message, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses" . . . and outside a 28th Street Welfare office there was, indeed, a long snaking line of tired, poor, huddled masses.

"Holy Madonna," cooed a voice in his ear. It came from a disheveled, soot-covered bird that had flown onto the railing next to him. "I think I see a chicken. I gotta stop sipping from them Ripple Wine bottles on the Bowery."

"But I *am* a chicken," Jonathan said.

"Sure, sure, and I'm a Learjet just back from Acapulco where I threw a glittering soiree for Jackie and Ari and Liz and Richard at Merle's house. No kidding? You really a chicken?"

"Yes, Jonathan Segal Chicken."

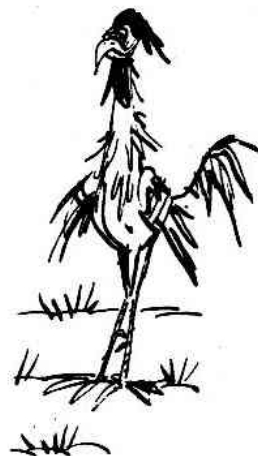
"Glad to see yuh, mac. I'm Pasquale Pigeon, from a long line of New York-bred and fed pigeons. How did you get up this high? Fall out of a plane?"

"I flew," said the proud Jonathan, and gave his winged companion a fast demonstration.

"Maron!" Pasquale's eyes popped. "What did they put in your mash—Vitamin E? Imagine that! Well, what can I do for you, Johnny, baby? You got what to eat, a place to sleep tonight?"

Jonathan shook his comb a negative shake.

"First thing, you come on down to the ground with old Patsy and I'll fix you up with a veritable Lucullan delight. That means," he said, while they descended, "A food freakout."



This here New York is a gourmet heaven for birds. Anything you want is layin' on the street because, thank heaven, there are 8,000,000 slobs in the Naked City. We got it all . . . pieces of bagels, a slice of pizza, hot dogs with mustard, enchiladas, moo goo gai pan. In the space of one block, you could get heartburn in 10 different languages."

They glided to rest on the head of the statue of William Henry Seward, whose purchase of Alaska from Russia had been sneered at as "Seward's Folly." Patsy, being a pigeon, did what pigeons normally do when they are in propinquity with a statue and Jonathan, not wishing to appear like a country rube, followed suit.

They lunched, the other pigeons present looking askance at Patsy's monstrous pecking mate, he of the red comb and the russet plumage. Not wishing to explain how he became a buddy to a flying chicken, Patsy told them it was his cousin, the actor, Walter Pigeon. "That's how they dress in Hollywood."



Moving from item to item in this sidewalk supermarket, Jonathan came upon the scent of something warm and roasted emanating from a greasy cardboard bucket, obviously just discarded by a pedestrian. He was about to take a bite out of curiosity when Patsy purpled and shoved a wing in his face.

"No, no! You don't want that, Jonathan," and the pigeon's eyes dropped in shame. "That's from a place called. . ." and he stammered, "Colonel Kentucky's Chicken Pickin's,"

"Gottenu!" exclaimed Jonathan. "You mean. . ."

"Yeah," said a somber Patsy. "And they deliver. In the words of Kurt Vonnegut, whom I often read, where chickens are concerned, that place is a Slaughterhouse Five."

A monstrous anger grew in Jonathan. He knew from the teachings of Tevye and his parents that chickens were supposed to finish their earthly span on a Melmac plate some Friday night; that was preordained. But to be wiped out on an assembly line basis, that was hideous.

But his anger fled with the boisterous, whirring arrival of a small brownish-gray English sparrow, humming, "I've Got A Lovely Bunch O' Coconuts" and doing a music hall-type soft-claw dance on the statue's head. Recognizing Patsy, he chirped, "'Ow are you, you bloody Eye-tye? And 'o's your ruddy mate here? Blimey, 'e's a fat one. Queer duck."

"Chicken," snapped Jonathan, "and who might you be?"

"Alfie's me name . . . gettin' through life is me game."

"What's it all about, Alfie?" said Jonathan, hating himself for falling into Hennie Youngman Chicken's joke rhythm.

"One more line like that and I'll give you a kick in your Bacharach," Alfie snipped back, proving he was no slouch at hastily improvised repartee himself and instantly winning Jonathan's admiration. This little cocky Cockney of an English sparrow seemed to be brimming with a kind of fun and verve not present in the flock he had quit.

"Not only is Jonathan a chicken, but he flies," said Patsy.

"Gar!" said a stunned Alfie. "I don't believe it."

In answer, Jonathan took off, and the admiring Alfie and Patsy joined him and the trio flew in a tight wing-to-wing formation.

For Jonathan, this was a titillating experience. Never before had he flown with other birds and soon, by watching the way Patsy arched his back and Alfie's curving of wings, he was duplicating their aerial maneuvers and picking up speed. Now he was certain he had chosen the right course.

"Hey, goombah," Patsy puffed, somewhat abashed, for this eager-beaver chicken was now outdoing him. "Don't try to do it all in one day. Let's relax a little. There's a groovy spot. . ."

"Yes," Alfie chirped, and the trio flew through the window of an abandoned, condemned building on Bleeker Street jammed with twittering, colorfully plumed fowl of many species, tapping their claws to the insistent rhythm of an all-owl rock band, The Whooooooo.

"Welcome to the Playbird Club, gentlemen," trilled a slinky redbreasted waitress. "I'm your birdie, Robin. Are you all of legal age?"

They said yes, and she responded, "Good, we don't let Mynahs in here. What'll it be?"

Pasquale ordered a glass of gravel on the rocks, Alfie a caterpillar straight, with a moth chaser, and both advised Jonathan to try the *specialite de maison*, Hartz Mountain Madness, bird seed imported from the Canary Islands. "It's organic," Patsy said.

From an adjacent booth erupted a heated argument about baseball and the respective merits of Bob Gibson and Dave McNally and Jonathan saw a cardinal from St. Louis going at it with a Baltimore Oriole. The floor was jammed with couples dancing beak to beak, ignoring the angry house poet, Edgar Allan Raven, who kept croaking, "Nevermore, nevermore." "That's



the only word the blighter knows," Alfie said in disgust. "Made a bloody fortune with it."

"Oooooooh." The suggestive sigh came from the throat of a gaudy lark in dyed blonde plumage, a lavender bill and eye shadow, who leaned a limp wing against his side, casting eager eyes upon Jonathan. "Look at those shoulders, those manly wings, and I love your russet feathers and the way they pick up the devil-may-dare gleam in your eyes."

"Watch it," Patsy muttered. "This is trouble."

"May I introduce myself?" said the intruder. "I am Sir Lance-a-lark, bon vivant, free spirit and hairdresser to the birds. What's your name, big fellow?"

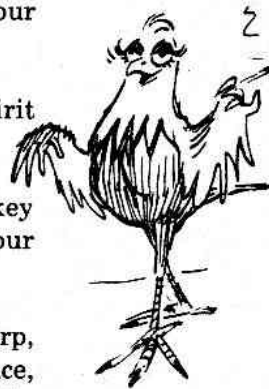
"Jonathan Segal Chicken," was the wary answer.

"From the size of that divine body, you're certainly no Chicken Little. I'd say Turkey Lurkey off the top of my head. Why don't you stop by my salon and let me backcomb your comb? Oh, I can do wondrous things for you, just go ape—if our kind can do that."

"What do you do in your salon?"

"Just everything," sighed the lark. "I check the peck, I tweak the beak, I burp the chirp, I thrill the bill and give you a ring-a-ding wing. Then later, we can fly over to my place, share a bottle of Cold Duck and look at my collection of Audubon etchings. "Fess up, big chick, haven't you ever wanted to," the eyes gave a salacious wink, "go out on a lark?"

"Amscray," Patsy said in pigeon Latin. "Ever since Gay Bird Lib started, you've been impossible."



"Oh, no," Jonathan cut in quickly. "Stay as long as you wish, Sir Lance-a-Lark. I can't go along with your particular needs, but being that I found a new freedom by flying, so should you fly in your own way."

To Jonathan's surprise, the lark began to weep, the eye shadow trickling down onto the blonde breast. "Oh, if all birds felt like that, we'd be able to come out of the closet—or cage." He pulled himself up with a sort of sad hauteur and said, "Well, if there's no action here, I'm going home, turn on my TV and groove on the NBC peacock."

The long day had taken its toll on Jonathan and neither the lights nor The Whooooo nor a passing lady fowl of the evening, who approached him and in a silken chirp said, "How's about it, handsome? For a hundred seeds, you can find out who the Bluebird of Happiness really is," could keep his eyelids from drooping. Patsy noticed and nudged him toward the window. Alfie said goodnight over Sullivan Street, hinting of an after-hour liaison. "Married," he smiled, "so we have to have a little back perch affair."

Patsy's mother, Teresa Pigeon, was an old world matron from Sicily. She was a widow, she explained, whose husband, Dominick, a hard working carrier pigeon, had gone beyond the bounds of normal duty by attempting to carry the entire Sunday *New York Times* by himself. "And he might have done it, too, but that was the week B. Altman, Lord & Taylor and Bloomingdale's all carried white-sale supplements in the paper. The extra sections did it," she said morosely. "They percaled him to death."

She found a soft spot in the coop atop the Sullivan Avenue tenement, flapped it clean with a few vigorous wing broomings, spread out some sheets of *Il Progresso*, the Italian newspaper, "in case you have to get up at night," and let him be.

The next day, while they flew over the Verrazano Bridge, Patsy asked Jonathan how he learned to fly.

Jonathan formed a figure-8 (the hard way—two 4's) and called out, "It's all a matter of desire, Patsy. In fact, I had a dream last night. A Voice which may have been that of the Great Chicken. . ."

"Wait a minute," Patsy interrupted. "You mean God. . ."

"Sure," Jonathan asserted, now in a dazzling dive that caused the first chicken sonic boom, "God comes to every species. With us, it's the Great Chicken, with you, the Peerless Pigeon, with sea crawlers, the Big Deal Eel and you, of all people, who are so well read, should know that even those pesky insects that buzz around a barn have their heavenly manifestation."

"That's right. I never thought of that—the Lord of the Flies. But tell me," and keen interest appeared on the pigeon's face, "what did The Voice say?"

"It said to me, 'Jonathan Segal Chicken, any one of God's creatures can be more than they were born to be if they have the faith and the will to push onto new horizons.'"

Jonathan cleared his throat and added, "It also said something about staying away from Teflon pans at all times."

"Hey," panted Patsy, now not even trying to duplicate Jonathan's straightaway speed, "that's very heavy philosophy. You mean it's not just a fable? Like a frog could become a handsome prince?"



"If he tries."

Then they were over 110th Street, the rendezvous point they'd set up with Alfie. In a minute the three were gliding into the *barrio* of East Harlem. Here, Jonathan tensed upon hearing the cackling of a tormented fowl and shot down to a backyard where two kids were flinging stones at another chicken, easily twice Jonathan's size, who seemed unable to move from a pile of rubble upon which he sat and thus was forced to take blow after blow.

Two sharp pecks of Jonathan's beak sent Ramon and Estaban Sanchez away, howling, tears rolling down their cheeks.

"Hey mon," said the grateful white chicken. "*Muchas gracias*. You really somethin', *amigo*. You a chicken like me, but you flyin'..."

Jonathan tugged the trapped bird with all his might until he popped out of the rubble and then spotted the cause of his entrapment, two razor-sharp spurs at the back of his muscular legs which had become wedged between the bricks. Now liberated, he began strutting about the yard, striking them against sections of cement, causing sparks to fly.

"Say, those are wild shoes," said Jonathan, admiringly.

"These are my fighting spurs, *amigo*. I am Manolete Chicken, the greatest fighting cock in the whole *barrio*."

Patsy and Alfie, circling cautiously above the flamboyant Manolete, came down when Jonathan said, "They're friends."

"Hokay, any bird what's a friend of my *gringo* ees my fren'," Manolete spoke. "Come on, guys, I take you on the 10-centavo tour, but you gotta walk 'cause I don't fly."

The four birds... two chickens, a sparrow and a pigeon... started a leisurely stroll down 118th Street. In another neighborhood, this grouping might have caused a raised eyebrow or two. Not here, although one woman hanging out of a window did remark to someone sitting on the stoop, "*Caramba*, they're still coming in on the flight from San Juan, and they seem to be getting shorter."

There was a bad moment when a cat, which had been scavenging in a garbage pail, looked up and licked its lips at the sight of hot lunch on the wing going by, but Manolete's eyes and spurs glinted in the sun and pussy backed off, muttering, "*Senor*, I don't mess with no chick with a blade."

At 125th Street they noticed they had strayed far from Manolete's bailiwick. The scraps in the gutters had changed from fritos and beans to ribs, collard greens and yams.

"Hey, *amigos*, I theenk I gone split. We in *Harlem*. Harlem now." The great fighting cock waved a spur in farewell, promised Jonathan he'd somehow keep in touch and hopped on to the top of a downtown-bound cab, with a final flourish using his spurs to decapitate the OFF-DUTY sign.

At Jonathan's request, the trio shot up into the blue again and soared over the teeming corner of 125th Street and Seventh Avenue.

"Hot damn! A chicken that flies!" The voice, sly and raucous, came out of an ebony fowl, perched on the roof of a tall building, surrounded by four and twenty blackbirds. "Come on down here, muthuh. We wants to take a good look at you, honky chicken."

"Of course," Jonathan said politely and glided to the roof to extend a claw. Pasquale and Alfie came in behind him, inwardly sorry that the fearsome Manolete was no longer around to cock his intimidating spurs, for they had their tiffs in the past with this bunch.

"What you dudes doin' uptown on our turf?" the leader said, a grin on his beak but the hint of menace in his eyes.

"Just showing our pal, Jonathan Segal Chicken, the town," Patsy said. "What's your name?"

"I am Eldridge Blackbird, author, lecturer, and feathered freedom fighter. Well, now, a flyin' chicken." He burst into peals of laughter. "Ain't that a riot?"

"Riot?" chirped one of his followers, Angela Blackbird. "Right on!" And before anyone knew what was what, that magic word sent the four and twenty blackbirds zooming down on a Kash N' Kredit furniture store, where they smashed like projectiles through the windowpane and came out lugging a 19-inch Zenith TV set.

"Cool it," Eldridge said. "Why you-all bustin' yo' beaks? Ain't nothin' worth watchin' on that racist medium anyway. No brothers on the tube tonight. Redd Foxx ain't on, Cos' ain't on, Flip ain't on. Hell, man, this is white night."

"Why are you stealing things?" said Jonathan.

"They steals from us; we steals from them. It all evens out." Eldridge Blackbird sighed; this newcomer would have to be taught the ground rules. "We here is the underclass in the inner city of the ghetto and as such must oftentimes take unorthodox measures in order to insure our survival in a hostile environment. You dig?"

(Continued on page 59)



There's a group today that holds the record for being the longest-discriminated-against minority group in America. We speak of none other than the American Indian. To make matters worse, the Indian is still being discriminated against. Which is what folks'll probably be doing to us, after reading our article on Indians—appropriately titled...

A SICK LOOK AT THE AMERICAN INDIAN

INDIAN HISTORY

Long before the first European explorers set foot upon the new continent of America, the Indian existed...

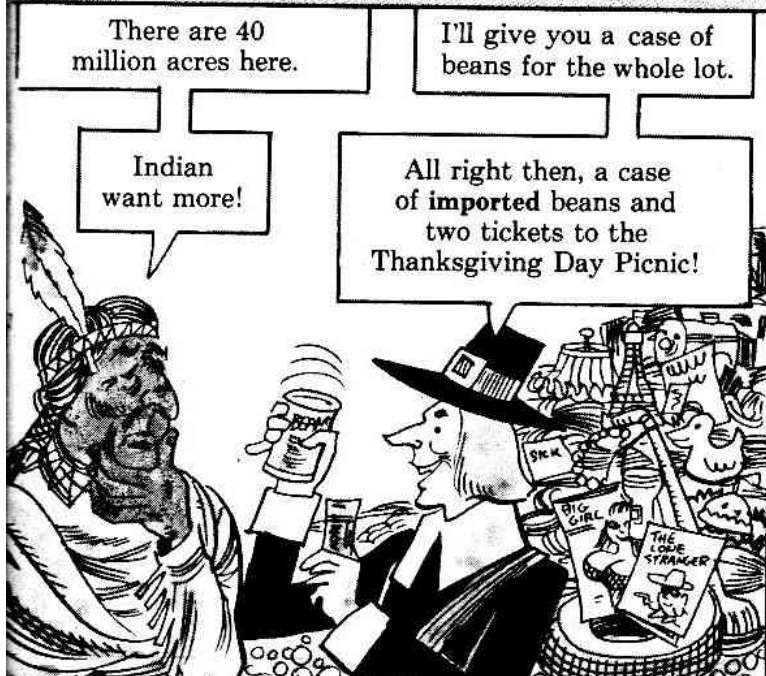
Estimates of the population at the time of Columbus can only be guessed as they were scattered everywhere...



As the White Man moved further into America, the Indian was systematically cheated out of his land...



In an attempt to keep what was theirs, they soon made the White Man their enemy and went on the warpath...



INDIAN INTERVIEW

Many Americans today have never seen a real Indian living in the modern world. Therefore, we now bring you an exclusive interview with a contemporary Indian Chief.

I'm chatting here with Chief Running Nose. Tell me, Chief, how do you like your new reservation?

It good of U.S. Government to give Indian twenty choice acres in Death Valley here!



Tell me, what grows best on this new reservation?

Hate for the White Man!

I understand that Indians today not only work on reservations but also have outside employment as well. What do they do?

Weekdays instead of being victims of stolen land, we become underpaid minority factory workers!



One more thing, Chief, would you explain how an Indian tells time?

First we plant stick in ground...

... then we look up at sun while turning very slowly ...

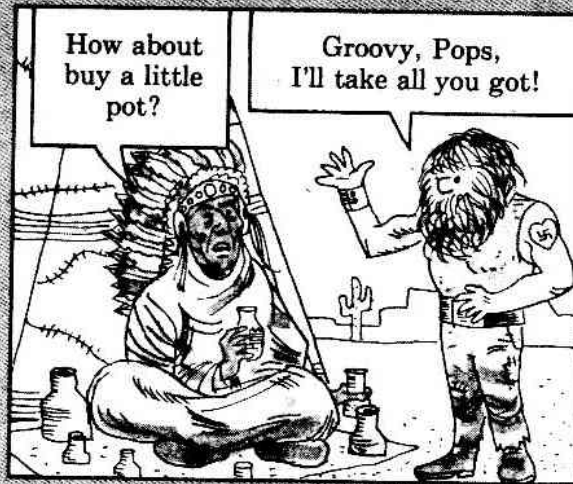
... then we raise arm over head and look at Timex on wrist!

Thank you, Chief... and now back to civilization!



INDIAN BUSINESS

Although greatly discriminated against, there are certain businesses that only an Indian can do well....



Indians still maintain their heritage of producing fine pottery.



Indians still maintain their image of posing for American coins.

INDIAN FALLACY

As with every minority group, falsehoods arise such as these fallacies that have sprung up everywhere...



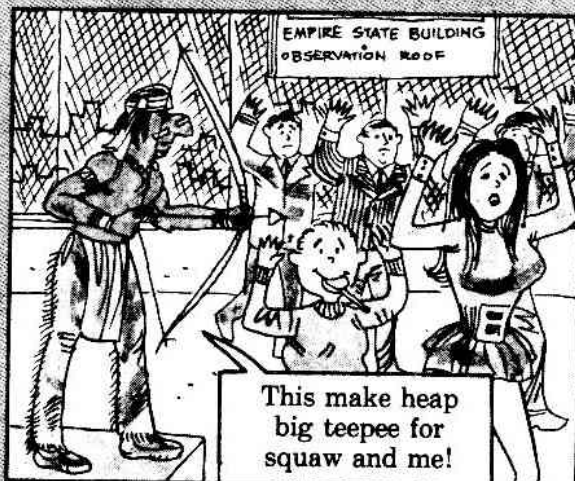
Indians are strange because they wear beads and makeup constantly.



Indians can only speak if they are doing it in a sign language.

INDIAN FUTURE

Unless the Indian is given what is rightfully his, he may resort to drastic means, like go back on the warpath...



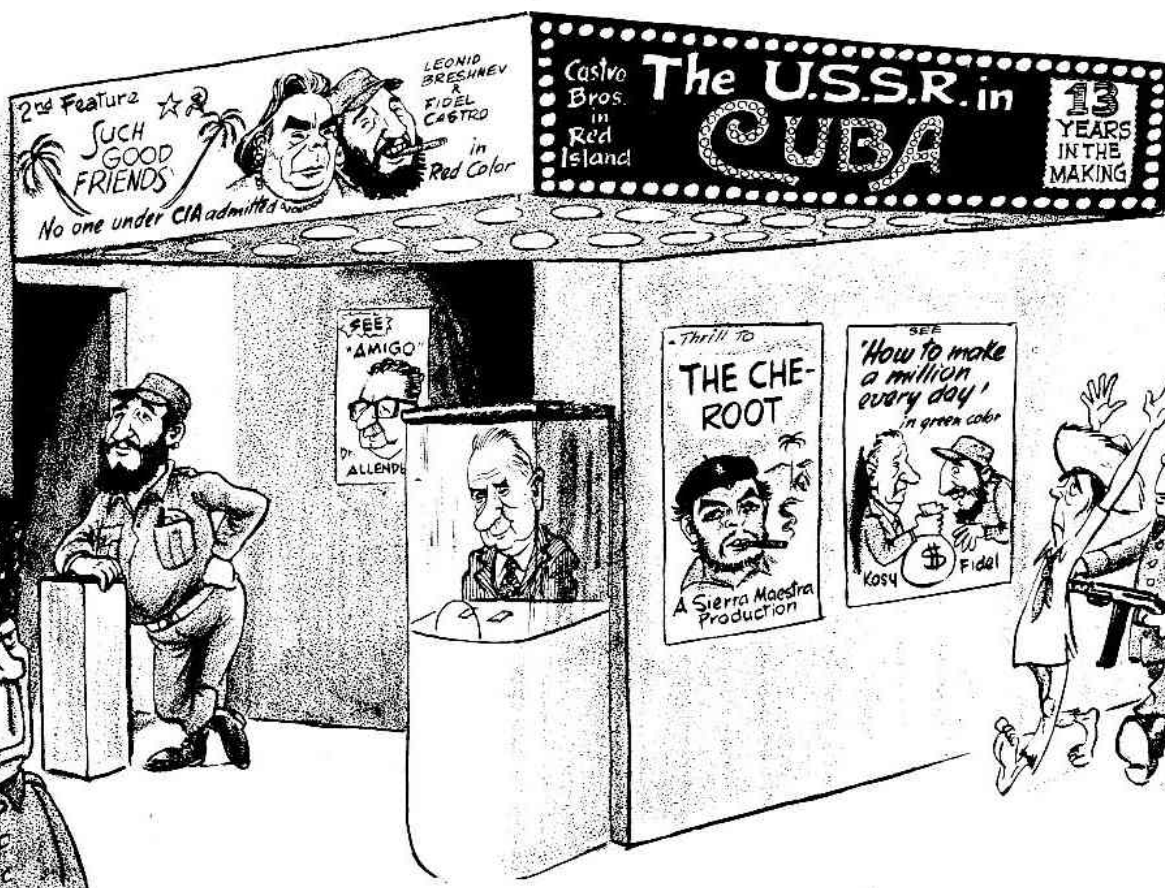
Indians may even attempt to regain Manhattan Island for themselves.



Under Indian control the White Man will finally be put in his place.

Everybody's heard the expression "All the world's a stage." But who has ever taken it seriously? Only somebody out of his skull—like the guy who thought up this idea which shows what it would be like...

IF NATIONS WERE



INSECURITY is being kissed on the cheek by a Mafia Chieftain.

THEATRES

Now Playing
"THE STATE OF ISRAEL IN THE MIDDLE EAST"
 A U.N. PRODUCTION
 FOR 6 DAYS ONLY



100 494

Chicken Soup to first 100 patrons

TRY IT...YOU'LL LIKE IT!

created by LUGOZE

"THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN VIETNAM"

RATED R

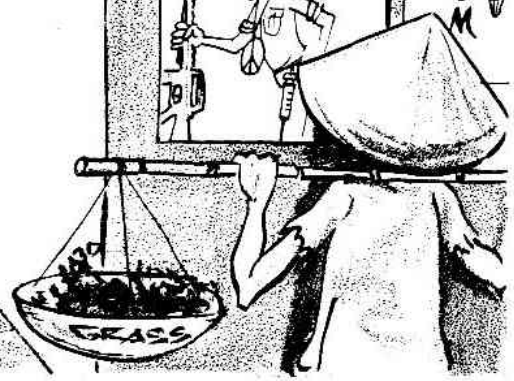
THRILL TO:
THE TRENCH CONNECTION
 2nd FEATURE

YOU MUST SEE IT FROM THE BEGINNING



See:
"OUR BOYS"
 in a pot of gold

THRILL TO:
N A P A L M



MONSTER MOVIE FAN MAGAZINE

FEATURING THE MOST PROMISING NEW MOVIE MONSTERS OF THE YEAR

as selected by
EDEN NORAH

Fan magazines today have really become overspecialized. Go to any newsstand and you can find a different one catering to pre-teenage idols, full-teenage favorites, over-21 movie stars, day and nighttime TV performers and everything else. There is one type of entertainer however, that's been overlooked. We speak of the *movie monster*. These scaly denizens of the deep who thrilled our parents years ago are now finding new and youthful audiences on TV. And so, since each in its own right is a star, we feel there should be fan magazines for them too. Something like this...



GODZILLA

Comes from a celebrated family of monsters. Father was a big wheel in steel. Mother was a ravishing creature in antarctic circles. Trained from infancy to follow in their footsteps. Boasts a fine voice which is not given a chance to be heard in pictures. Has a manly 796-inch arm span and the bulgingest biceps in Hollywood. Hates to be called Godzilla and likes people to call him by his nickname. A confirmed bachelor, it lives alone in a 14-acre quicksand patch on the east side of the Florida Everglades. Would rather be a monster than anything else. Wants to play the life of King Kong.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

Born in Venus 22 light years ago and roamed around the world for years before getting down to earth. Still doesn't know what all the fuss and bother is about. Was never even inside a Hollywood studio when spotted by a Universal scout. Promptly stole its first picture right from under the noses of seasoned veterans. An intellectual that doesn't believe in vegetating, it went to school in Mercury and lived in Saturn for a while. Still unmarried, now calls Earth its home. Goes for strictly "Earthy" girls. Likes nothing better to do than to sit around and gab with fellow monsters. Claims it's ahead of its time.



EC-CH, SON OF ARGH-H-H-H

A monster's monster, this romantic beast is sometimes affectionately referred to by friends as "The Clod." Started out as a professional blind date. Left to model for iodine bottles. Took first prize in a contest for the ugliest monster of 1960. Now being groomed to play beatnik-type monsters. Is even more beast-like off the screen than on. Women have been known to throw themselves at its feet, mainly they were better than its face. Has been called by other names, among them "Ugh!" "WHa-A?", and "Oy Vay!" Speaks 5 languages fluently. Unfortunately, nobody understands any of them.



CREATURE FROM BLUE LAGOON

Hails from the romantic island of Tahiti. Went to sea at an early age and broke into show business when discovered bathing in a stream off Madagascar. Caused an immediate splash in very first picture. A persevering type, it knows what it wants and usually gets it. Now determined to be a big smash from coast-to-coast. Lives quietly with its family in a split-level subterranean dwelling in suburban Atlantic. Stands just one inch short of 90 feet tall (in its webbed feet), tips the scales at a hefty 820 pounds, has 3 deep blue eyes, dark wavy scales, and girls—IT'S STILL SINGLE!



THE PURPLE PEOPLE EATER

Came to Hollywood after running out of purple people to eat. A veteran of the stone age, it boasts the flashiest teeth in town. Fought its way to the top tooth and nail. Starved in caves before it got its big break. Then it gobbled up the critics in its very first picture. A stunning figure with striking green claws, it used to hang around bars and wait until people turned the right color. Now manages to keep trim by eating purple midgets. Doesn't like to be type-cast. Wants to do a Western next and eat Red people. However, still prefers purple girls. Recently acted as technical adviser for "Suddenly, Last Summer."



IT

Trained from the time it was first able to walk to become a monster. Passed a screen test despite objections that its ears were, too big. Now known as a ladies' Monster. A sensitive type, does not like to be called "It." Determined to have an identity of its own. Rumor has it that It is secretly married to That! Nevertheless is seen making the rounds with such glamorous starlet monsters as Who, What, When, Where, and that curvy 96-54-78 inch beast, How. Vital statistics: 420 years old, 96 feet tall, weighs 13 tons, and has freckled dimples which don't show up at all on the screen. Presently creating a lot of excitement on personal appearance tour.



BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS

Looks much younger than six million years. Was a champion swimmer before breaking into pictures. Keeps trim by working out daily in the water. A rugged individualist, this 950 lb. hunk of solid beast doesn't use a stunt monster in any of its films. Saw action in the North Atlantic before popping up in California. Made debut in Hollywood shortly after, and laid a big egg. Returned for another fling at the town and caused a lot of excitement. Real name is Beast From 10,000 Fathoms, but agent felt it didn't have enough depth. A big salt-water bug, likes to collect sea-shells.



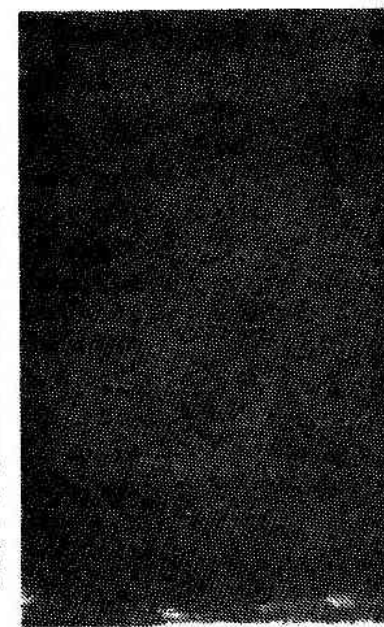
THE FLY

Decided to follow in the footsteps of his father and brother, both well-known monsters. Needs no introduction to audiences anywhere. Has dark black wings and long curly scales. Said to have the sexiest drone in show business. A warm-weather enthusiast, always sports a deep tan. Did a lot of work in summer stock. Likes to keep moving. Flies everywhere. Never takes the plane. Restless, flits from place to place without ever settling down for too long. Now being groomed for the old Green Hornet parts. Ambition is to be as great a monster as his father was. Pet peeve? You guessed it—FLYPAPER!



THE TINGLER

Used to go under the name of the Invisible Man. Rushed to Hollywood after playing the part of a shield in a television commercial. Flunked a screen test when they said it wasn't the type. Since then has been in over 100 pictures, but this was its first action part. The strong silent type, when it crushes a girl in its arms women from 16 to 60 shriek with ecstasy. When it walks into a room you know it's there. Prefers to remain in the background however, and is never seen at parties. Has very few close friends, among them The Shadow, The Millionaire, and Judge Crater. Likes people who are not obvious.



People are always talking in clichés. If you listen carefully, you can practically predict what they're going to say next. This makes conversations dull and uninteresting. The main reason is that people just don't tell the truth, or say what's on their minds. Therefore, what we'd like to see are...

CONVERSERS

THE USED CAR SALESMAN

I know a good car when I see one. Been in the business over 25 years. So believe me when I say that this little baby here is about the most...



...DILAPIDATED JUNK I'VE EVER SEEN!! You'd be a sucker to take it! Get outta here and go someplace where they're honest!



THE CLASSROOM TEACHER

Today's lecture concerns the fossil evidence of prehistoric fauna imbedded in strata dating from the Miocene glacial epoch. This is a subject that we should all find extremely...



...DULL AND BORING!! It'll drive you out of your mind! I'm sick of the subject myself. Been teaching it for 30 years and I can't stand it any longer!



ELIZABETH TAYLOR WAS BORN IN THE BRONX

THE POLITICAL CANDIDATE

And if I'm elected I promise to give you good clean government. My opponent has also made some promises. But I tell you my opponent's promises are nothing but...



...THE TRUTH!! He's an honest man with more integrity than I have! The only reason I'm gonna win is that I've got more money behind me!

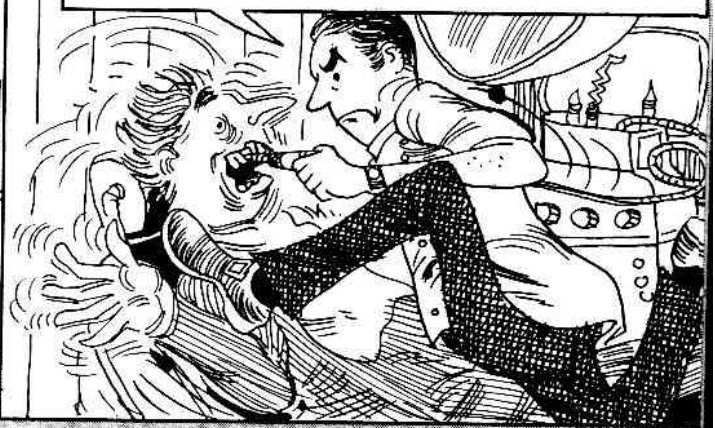
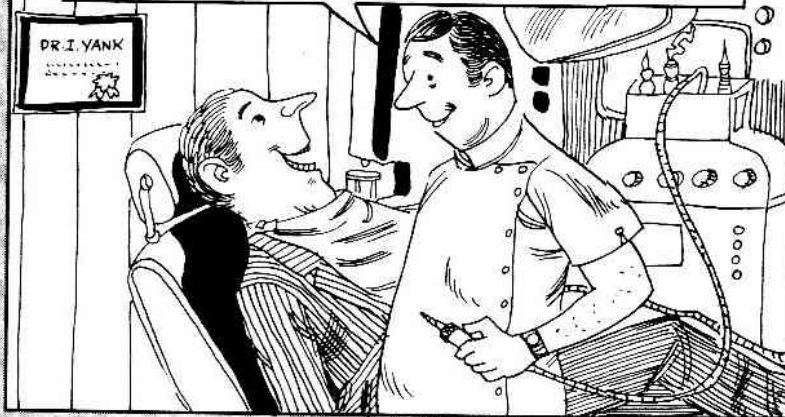


ACTIONS WITH TRUTHFUL ENDINGS

THE PAINLESS DENTIST

Relax, will you? Take it easy. Now, if you'll just open your mouth a little wider you'll find that this is not going to...

... **BE EASY!!** It's gonna hurt you something awful! The pain will be horrible! So make up your mind to it and don't bother me!



THE NEIGHBORHOOD BARBER

If you really want to save your hair then listen to me. I've been in this business 27 years and I know scalps. Now take my advice and try...

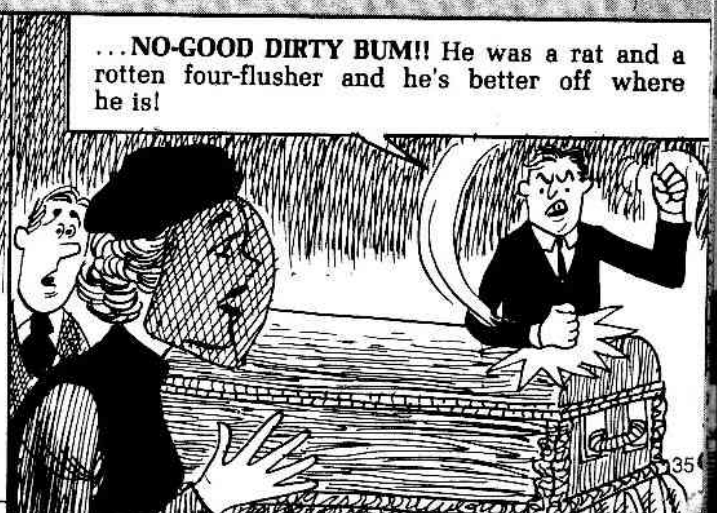
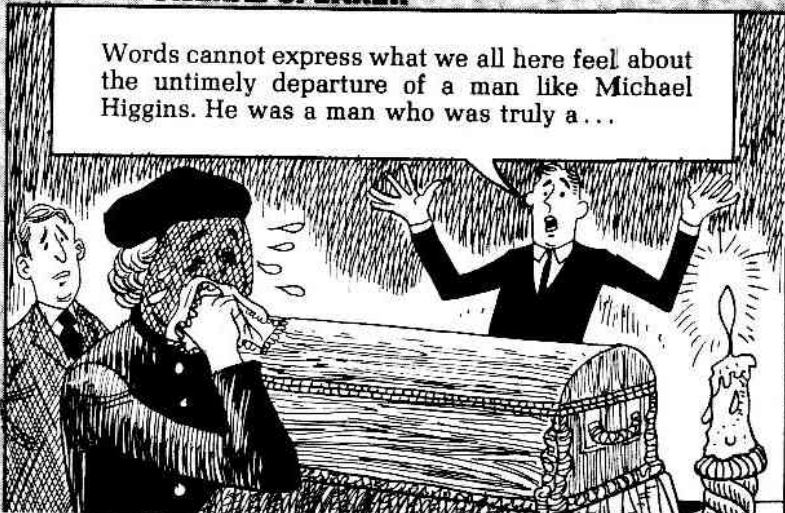
... **VITO ACROSS THE STREET!!** He's been a barber longer than me! He has all the answers! I don't know a thing! This is really a front for a bookie joint!



THE FUNERAL SPEAKER

Words cannot express what we all here feel about the untimely departure of a man like Michael Higgins. He was a man who was truly a...

... **NO-GOOD DIRTY BUM!!** He was a rat and a rotten four-flusher and he's better off where he is!



TYPE-O-GRAPHICS

Created by BOB HEIT

-I'll never met a man I didn't like --Zsa Zsa Gabor

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THE MANAGEMENT
IS NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR PERSONAL PROPERTY

"But is it art?"

"Hey! Take a look in this microscope!"

"Last one through
the barbed wire
is chicken!"

[illegible]

"What floor is it on now?"

$$= = = \neq \neq \neq \neq \neq \neq \neq \neq \neq \neq =$$

"Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!"

&

hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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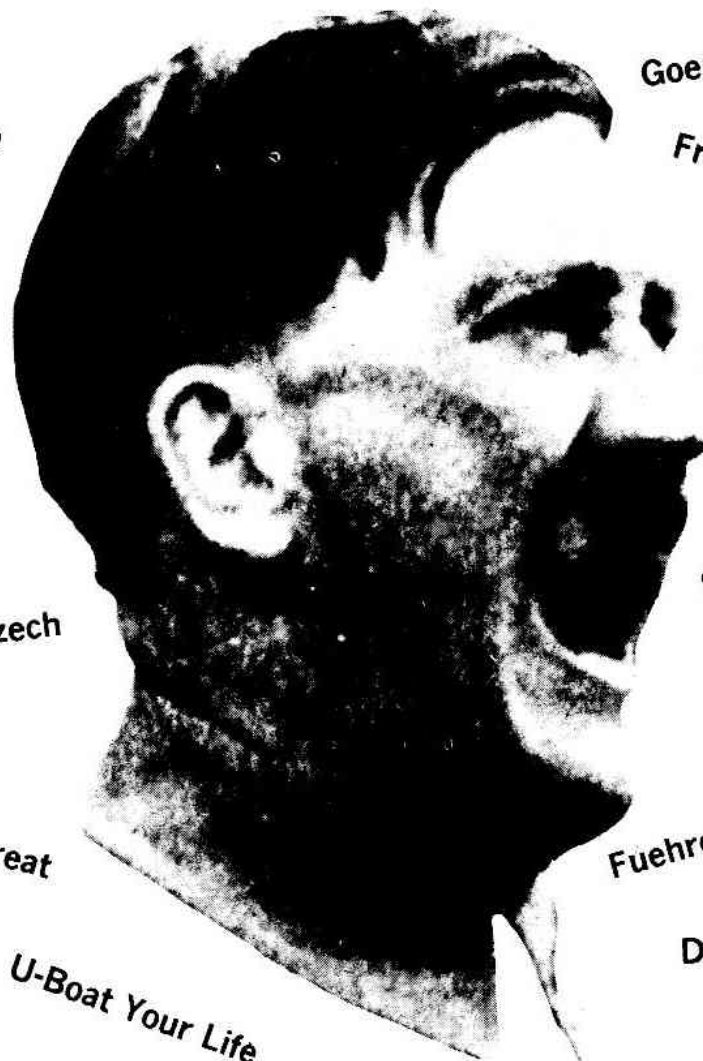
"Would you please remove your hat?"

"There goes our picnic!"

"C'mon you guys,
PULL!"

Here's a real collector's item for you. Trash collector, that is. It's a rare document we turned up in Bavaria recently. Not Bavaria in Germany. Bavaria, a small town in Argentina. Where else, when it's called...

THE ADOLF HITLER SONG BOOK



Heil Be Seeing You

Goering To Know You

Berlin' The Jack

Frankfort And Johnnie

Purge Of My Heart

Ho, Ho, That's Reich

Dancing Czech To Czech

Strike Up The Bund

Let's Go Deutsch Treat

Blowin' Our Axis

Cookin' With Gas

U-Boat Your Life

Fuehrer Me And My Gal

De CampBurn Races

Oh, My Achtung Back

I Love Those Dear Hearts And German People

God Blitz America

... and other big Nazi hits!

THERE'S NO FUEHRER LIKE OUR FUEHRER
(sung to "There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Fuehrer like our Fuehrer
Like no Fuehrer I know
Everything about him was appealing
Everything his troopers would allow
If he were back we'd all be out invading
Another country, right now.
There's no leader like our leader
He'd dance, when he conquered France,
Once a month he'd line his staff
Against the wall
Then they would fall, he'd have a ball,
But when we served our Fuehrer
We were ten-feet tall
So let's get on with the show!



IT'S GETTING TO BE A BLITZKREIG WITH ME
(sung to "It's Getting To Be A Habit With Me")

Every country we took
It was like a storybook
It'd gotten to be a blitzkreig with me
One by one they just fell
Things were going very well
It'd gotten to be a blitzkreig with me.
Then all at once they stopped
Playing our song
First Monty at Alamein
And then at Stalingrad
The Fuehrer went wrong
And we went down the drain.
Then the Yanks made the scene
Which we thought was real mean
On D-Day they came
The Allied Infantry
And then we lost each country
One by one
It's getting to be a blitzkreig on me!



HELLO, JURY!
(sung to "Hello, Dolly!")

Hello, Jury!
Well, hello, Jury!
We're not guilty so, like,
Why'd you bring us here?
We don't know from slaughters
We just followed orders
And that Adolf clown's the one
To blame, he was so queer.
Man, there are none purer
But, like, our Fuehrer
Did commit the world's worst sin,
He didn't win!—So—
We are not guilty
If you say so you are filthy
So just find us innocent
And blame that weirdo Adolf gent
Jury, don't you lay that blame on me!



THE LUTWAFFE IS A FLOP
(sung to "The Lady Is A Tramp")

We flew to Belgium
Our bombs there to drop
Hit them in Holland
Till they hollered "Stop!"
In Rotterdam we blew
Every rooftop
And yet the Lutwaffe is a flop!
In our cute Stukas
We'd blast-off in France
And open cities
That hadn't a chance
Hit smaller nations
We beat off their pants
And yet the Lutwaffe is a flop!
We got those small fry out of our hair
But one didn't scare
Win-nie, was he.
The R.A.F. blew
Our Lutwaffe's top
That's why the Lutwaffe is a flop!

ONCE IN LOVE WITH ADOLF
(sung to "Once In Love With Amy")

Once in love with Adolf
Always in love with Adolf
He's a doll, a sweetheart,
Really is a good man,
A gross misunderstood man, is he.
Adolf loves the people
All the Chosen People
Sick ones and the well ones
Never has them suffer
He puts them out of their ol' misery.
I never was a fickle-hearted Nazi
Who'd blow cold and hot, see,
While in the clink I chanced to think
It over, and over, and still I'm sold!
Once in love with Adolf
Always in love with Adolf
Don't believe the hear-say,
He has some good ideas, see,
Like making soap from your dear ol' behind
So how come all the doctors say
I'm off my mind?



U-BOATS
(sung to "Heartaches")

U-Boats, U-Boats,
Just in my bathtub I sail U-Boats
I swear we never even sank one shi
Those crews you say we drowned
I'm sure just took a dip.
U-Boats, U-Boats,
Our sailors never went on U-Boats
You're misinformed
I swear by Goebbel's truss
If you blame U-Boats on us!



IN THE CAMP WHERE YOU LIVE
(sung to "On The Street Where You Live")

I have often walked	And oh!—those overworked chimneys
Through those camps before	How I laughed at all those Gas jokes
But I didn't know that Ilse	I'd ask "Are those chimneys for Santa?"
Made those lamps before	And they would answer
When I asked "What cooks?"	"Santa just went up in smoke!"
I got dirty looks	I had never thought
So forgive, I'm a clod,	People came to harm
Let me live.	They were thin, but so are
I have often seen	Women on a diet farm
People shot before	What is that you state?
But I never stopped to	They lost all their weight
Ask myself "For what?" before	From the camp where you live?
At the time I thought	Please forgive.
"My, what healthy sport!"	
So forgive, I'm a klutz,	
Let me live.	



BLUES FROM THE FIGHT
(sung to "Blues In The Night")

Mein Fuehrer done told me
When I was in Youth Camp
Mein Fuehrer done told me "Son!
The world is a big place
And we'll rule it some day
But now the fighting is done
We're flat on our Axis
We haven't a thing
He's left us to sing
But blues from the fight.
Now the curtain's falling
Adolf hear me calling 'Hooey!'"
(Mein fuehrer done told me)
We would be the masters
But you brought disasters "Hooey
Seig Hooey! Seig Hooey!
He got on this kick
Thought Russia he'd lick
Mein Fuehrer—
Hooboy, was he sick!

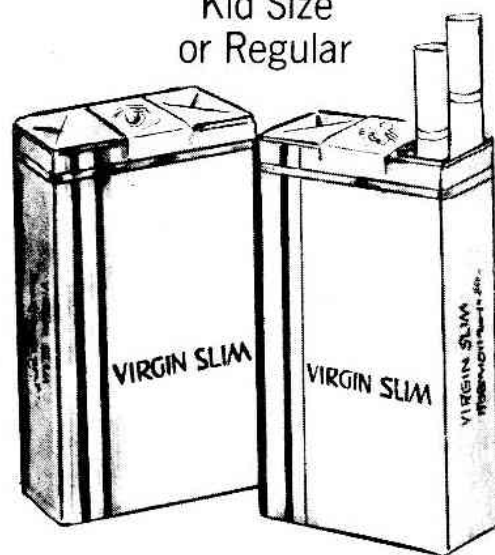


**Youse
come
a long
way,
baby.**

**Now . . . a cigarette
strictly for kids!**

**So smoke it and
BURN, BABY, BURN!**

Kid Size
or Regular



—an advertisement sponsored by the Kids' Liberation Movement—

KIDS' LIB STICKERS

**BURN
YOUR
REPORT
CARD**

**DON'T
TRUST
ANYONE
OVER 16**

**LOWER
THE
VOTING
AGE
TO
8**

**FREEDOM
IN OUR
PLAYPENS**

**SEND MOTHERS
TO VIETNAM**

**BLACK-
BOARD
POWER**

**THINK
SMALL**

**BAN
HOME-
WORK**



A
SICK
HANGUP

America's Favorite Jahn



JACK SPARLING

EXTRA BONUS CUTOUT

Impress your friends as you flash around this . . .

• So spreadable it's inedible! • • Does cheese or doesn't cheese? •



FOR THE MAN WHO'LL EAT ANYTHING

JUICE

Bile Juice • Ford V-8 • Mennen Spray
Elixir of Arpege • Grapefruit of the Loom

APPETIZER

C-Cup Supreme • Pickled Lux • Chef's Boyardee Salad

SOUP

Clorox-Tail Ragout • Consomme with Fluoride
Cream of Lavoris

ENTREE

Leg of Hanes • Breast of Maidentorm
Chopped Liver Pills a Carter • Roast Chicken-of-the-Sea

VEGETABLE

Chlorophyll Potatoes • King Corn • Jolly Green Giant Peas
Strips of Johnson & Johnson

DESSERT

Pie a la Modess • Fresh Feen-A-Mints • Choc' Full O' Nuts
Kraft Cheese-cake • Ices Blue Secret • Instant Snow

BEVERAGE

Coffee-er Coffee • Brisk er Tea • Egg Cream-Rinse
Esso Tiger's Milk • Soda a la Bicarbonate
Fruit-of-the-Loom by Mohawk

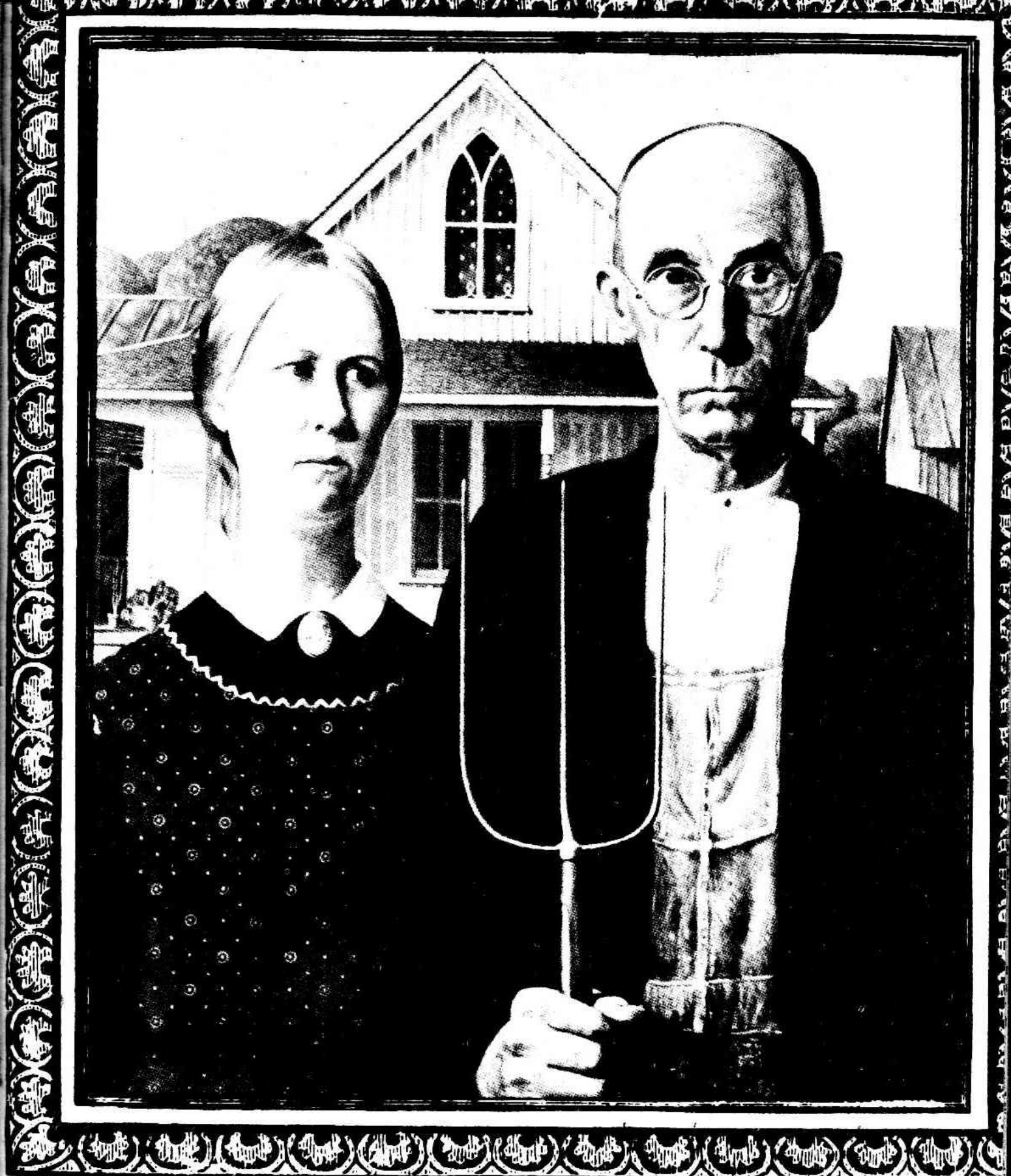
ALL CREATING DONE ON PREMISES
(Dietetic Laws Strictly Observed)

• "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet!" •

• Bad till the last drop! • • Popsicle—for those who thing young!

• Promise her anything but give her Garbage! • • Take "T" and see! • • Look Ma, no teeth!

• Schmutz—the beer that made Milwaukee nauseous! • Winston tastes good, but smokes terrible!



Why can't you talk to us...we're your parents

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH

PROFILE: ARCHIE BUNKER



You
gotta be
kiddin'!

Archie Bunker (Carroll O'Connor) is the kind of a guy who calls a spade a spade—and sometimes even worse! He represents all that is right in America, and is said to be as American as humble pie. We can think of nobody else who truly deserves this SICK Award as Comedian of the Month. Here then are some examples of the wit and wisdom of the world's wackiest wierdo...

- There are millions of real Americans just like me who believes in Mr. Nixon. And God believes in him too. Don't Billy Graham play golf with him?
- You liberals don't worry about normal things, like what the Jets are gonna do about Joe Namath's knees, things like that. You get yourselves into every weirdo worry that ever was.
- I'll tell you one thing about Richard Nixon. He keeps Pat home. Which was where Roosevelt shoulda kept Eleanor. Instead he let her run around loose till one day she discovered the colored. We never knew they was there. She told them they was gettin' the short end of the stick and we been havin' trouble ever since.
- You got a judge who spends half his life in school —after which he spends years as a lawyer, then a lower judge, then an upper judge, until he finally works his way up to a Superior Court. But does he decide who's innocent or guilty? No—that decision's made by four salesmen, three bank tellers, two plumbers, a seamstress and a dingbat!
- Jesus Christ is who's great, little girl. I know that long before them rock and roll freaks made Him a "superstar."
- I don't know what the world's comin to. It's dog eat dog out there. Some nut decides to throw himself in front of a subway train and ties it up for thirty minutes. He couldn't have picked the middle of the day. He had to pick the rush hour.
- Insurance companies live to cancel out guys like me.
- Salvatore, Feldman, O'Reilly and Nelson—an Eyetalian, a Jew, an Irishman and a regular American. That's what you call a balanced ticket. For instance you got Feldman for treasurer. That's perfect. Them people know how to handle money, y'know what I mean? Than you got Salvatore for District Attorney—to keep an eye on Feldman. Then you got a Mick—O'Reilly—to make sure the graft is equally distributed. And you get Nelson, an American, to do the TV appearances, to make the rest of them look respectable.
- Them big companies are gonna pay back every cent we give 'em. But the government ain't gonna get nothing back from those welfare moochers—unless it goes into the used Cadillac business!
- Whaddaya mean my heart's like a pump? The heart's only the most emotional part of your body—anybody knows that. That's where your

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE... so get out of there before the house detective breaks down the door!

love and romance are kept. We're not machines yet, dammit.

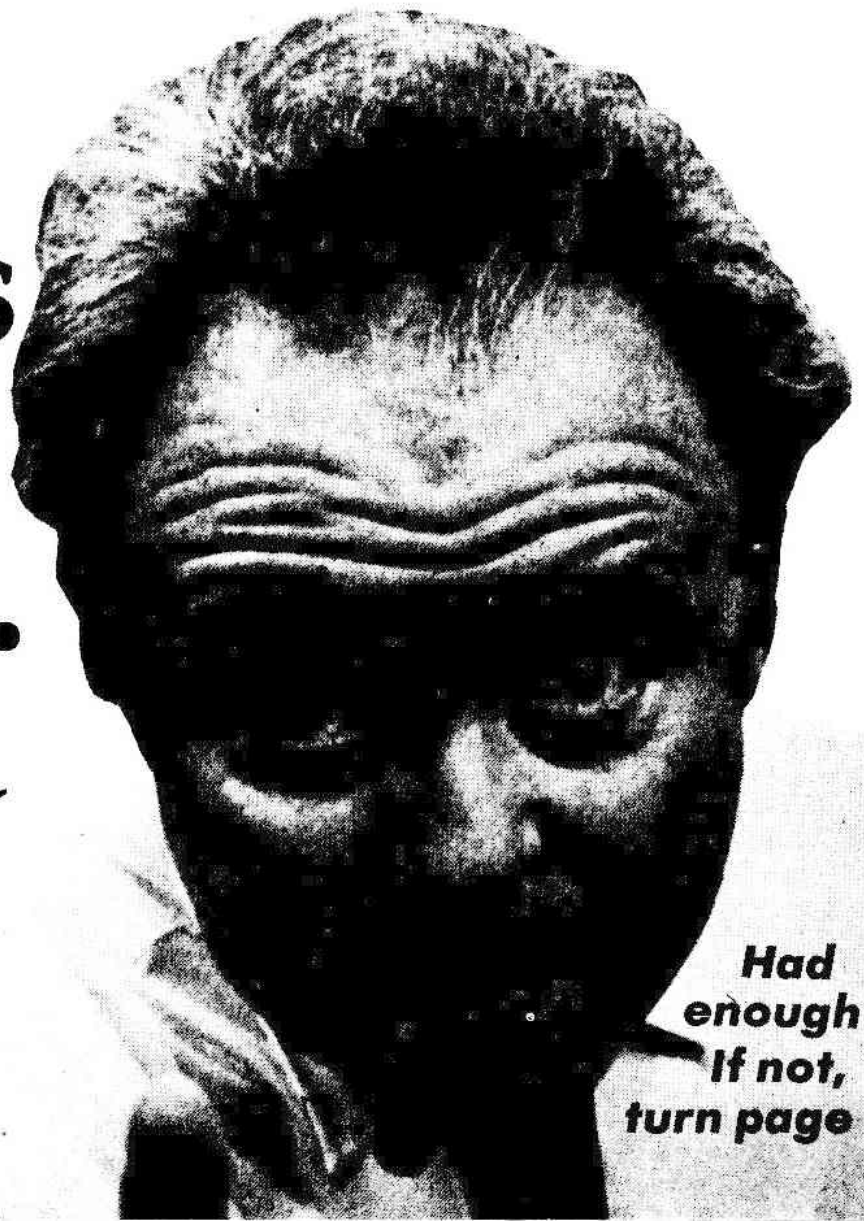
- Disney World's gonna be something to see! You know what it cost them to build that Disney World—four hundred million bucks! You got any idea what that comes to in dollars and cents?
- When it comes to stayin' overnight in this house it's marriage that counts—not love. That love business may be okay in some places, but I'll have you know this is a Christian home!
- If society is at fault that we got killers running around murdering innocent people, then it's simple. We turn the killer loose, give him a pension for life and shoot the rest of the city.
- Listen to that meathead atheist! I mean, the

whole world celebrates the birth of Christ and everybody gets time off from work. If that ain't proof he's the son of God, what is?

- What the hell is it nowadays? Girls wit' dresses up to here, boys wit' hair down to here. I stopped in a Gent's Room the other day, there was this character there with a ponytail to here. My heart turned right over—I thought I was in the wrong toilet!
- How you gonna explain it to the neighbors? An extra kid shows up all of a sudden! This is the kinda thing happens to the coloreds, not to us!
- You know, Nixon's gonna open his mouth once too often and he ain't gonna have Archie Bunker to kick around no more.


Out of the mouthes of boobs...

I got nuthin'
against mankind,
it's people I
don't trust!




Had
enough?
If not,
turn page...





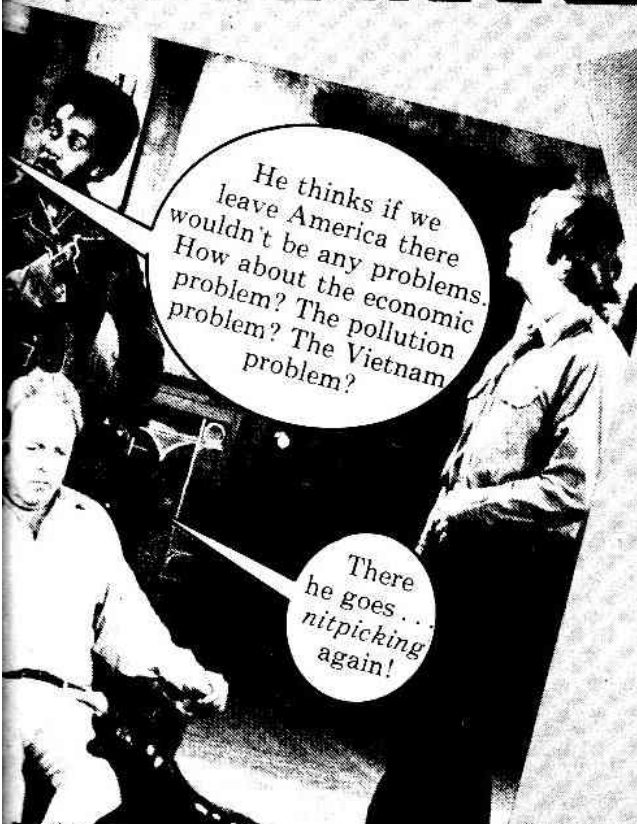
Can't you get a second pair of pajamas? It ain't decent you two going to bed like that. We go to bed fully dressed!



What's more important than the safety of my family?


The defense of our home!

THE FAMILY



He thinks if we leave America there wouldn't be any problems. How about the economic problem? The pollution problem? The Vietnam problem?

There he goes... nitpicking again!



Bunker ain't no funny name. It's right out of American history. As in the battle of ...!

What's New in POLISH JOKES

Why aren't there any Polish elevator operators?
They can't remember the route!

How do you recognize Polish domestic wine?
It's stamped "Open Other End" at the bottom!

What is a Polish tongue-twister?
Good morning!

How do you break a Pole's
finger?
You kick him in the nose!

What is a dope ring?
Six Poles sitting in a circle!

Who has an IQ of 200?
Poland!

Who's the national
hero of Poland?
A Kamikazee pilot who
flew 38 missions during
the war!

Why is Santa Claus Polish?
Who else would wear a
red suit?

What do you call 2000
Polish paratroopers?
Air pollution!

How do Polish people count money?
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, another, another...

What is the thinnest book in
the world?
Basics of Polish Hygiene!

What do you call a Pole who marries a Puerto Rican?
A social climber!

How do you estimate the Polish population?
Count the basements in Buffalo and multiply by 14!

Why are Polish coffee breaks limited to 5 minutes?
Longer ones would require retraining them in their jobs!

What does a Polish X-Rated Movie mean?
The Minister of Information has signed his approval!

Why aren't snow tires available in Poland?
They all melted last Spring!

Why is garbage spread on the walls at Polish weddings?
To keep the flies off the bride!

How does a Pole order three beers from a bartender?
He holds up two fingers!

by
JOHN DROMEY
(formerly Janos Drombowski)



Somebody once said the only thing that's constant is change. What happened yesterday is very different from what happens today. And what happens today will be nothing like what happens tomorrow. To show you what we mean—before we change the whole premise altogether—we have taken some of our well-known social customs and have given them...

A SICK LOOK AT YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

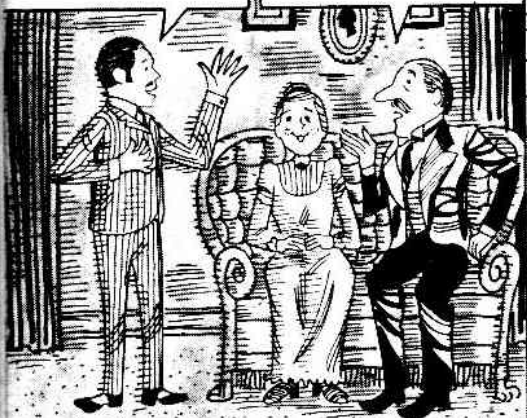
MARRIAGE PROPOSALS

Script by JOE CATALANO

Art by TONY TALLARICO

Sir, would you grant me the privilege of having your beautiful daughter's hand in marriage?

Whattaya mean her hand? You take the rest of her too, or the whole deal is off!



YESTERDAY

WEATHER FORECASTING

TODAY

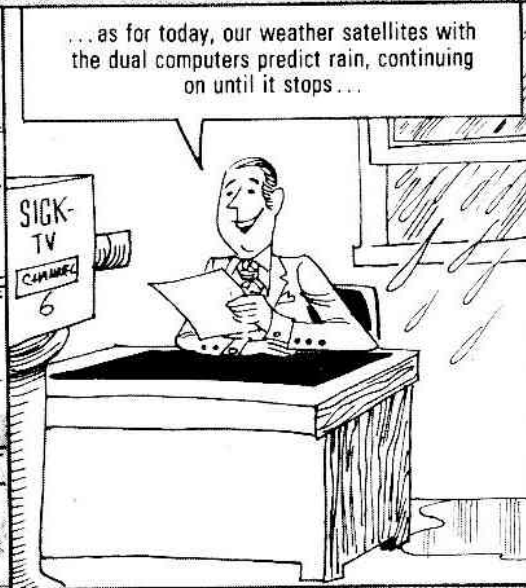
TOMORROW

...and now for today's weather forecast. It looks like it's going to be cloudy and rainy...



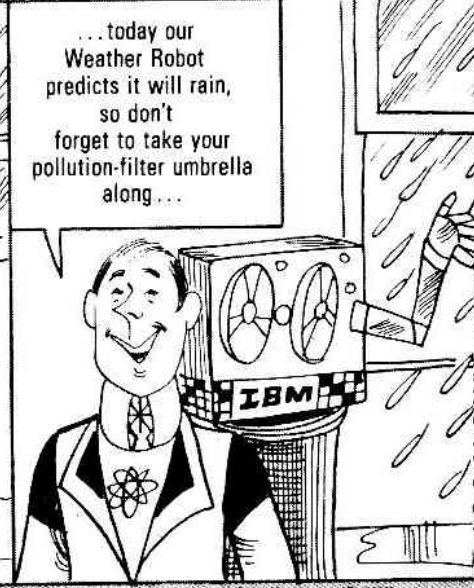
YESTERDAY

...as for today, our weather satellites with the dual computers predict rain, continuing on until it stops...



TODAY

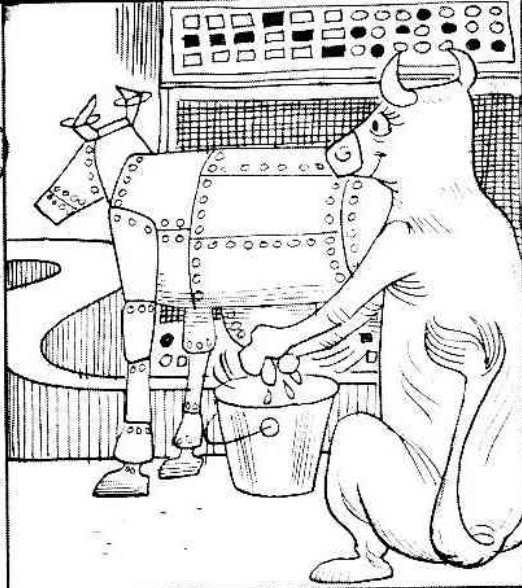
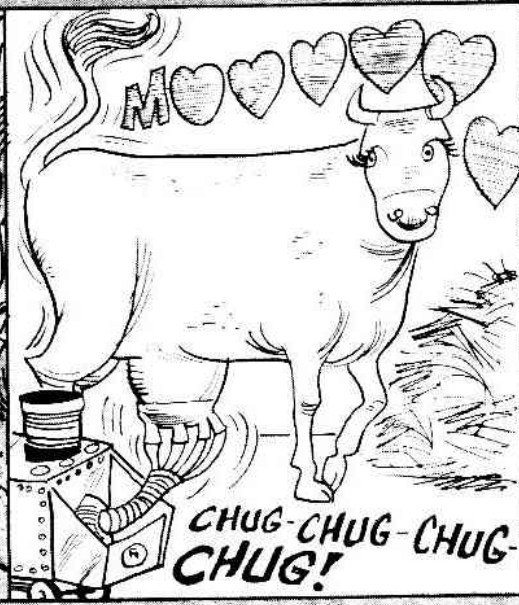
...today our Weather Robot predicts it will rain, so don't forget to take your pollution-filter umbrella along...



TOMORROW

DAIRY FARMING

DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU ... only make sure they're not the one you're milking!

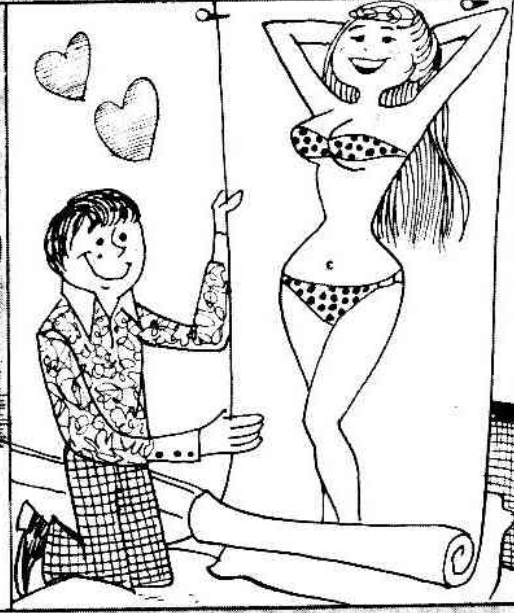
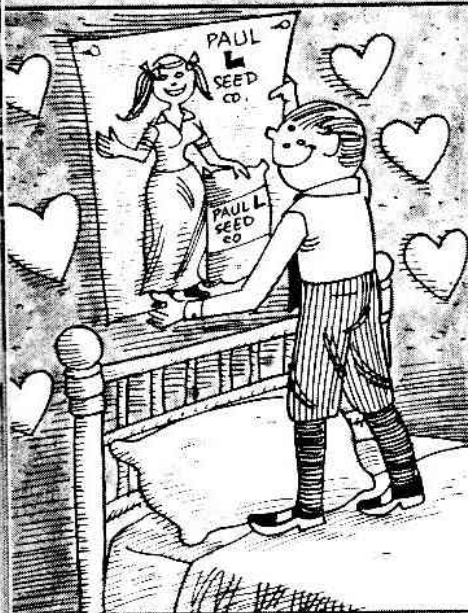


YESTERDAY

TODAY

TOMORROW

PINUP PICTURES



YESTERDAY

TODAY

TOMORROW

WOMEN'S FASHIONS



YESTERDAY

TODAY

TOMORROW

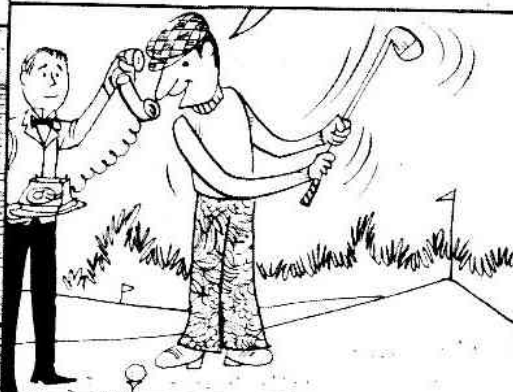
FAMILY DOCTORS

I really appreciate you making this house call, Doctor...

I don't mind, not when it's a real emergency, like your little Rhoda here having a tummy-ache after eating all that candy!

What? You want me to make a house call? I'm a little busy at the hospital right now, how sick are you? What's that? You're having a heart attack, you're going into a coma? Well, take two aspirins and call me if there's any change!

Yes, I want to see the patient but he is not to get out of bed under any circumstances. What should you do? Just have your house towed away to my office here, and I'll take a look at him!



YESTERDAY

TODAY

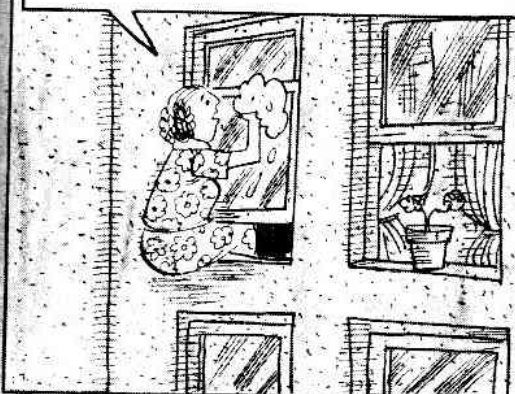
TOMORROW

AIR POLLUTION

I declare, there's so much dirt and soot flying around the neighborhood here that I have to clean these darn windows at least once a month or I wouldn't be able to see through them!

Man, I tell you (gasp) pollution is really getting (gasp) out of hand!

You're so right, Felix, (gasp) and to think this is (gasp) Arizona!



YESTERDAY

TODAY

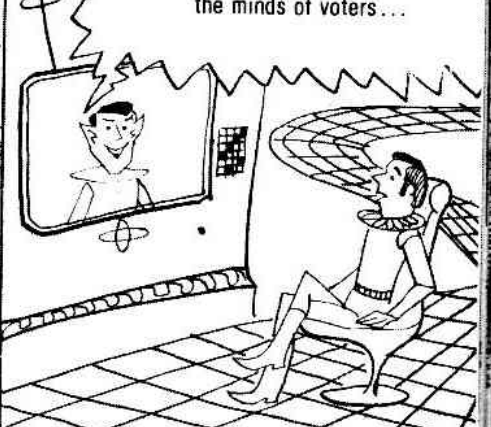
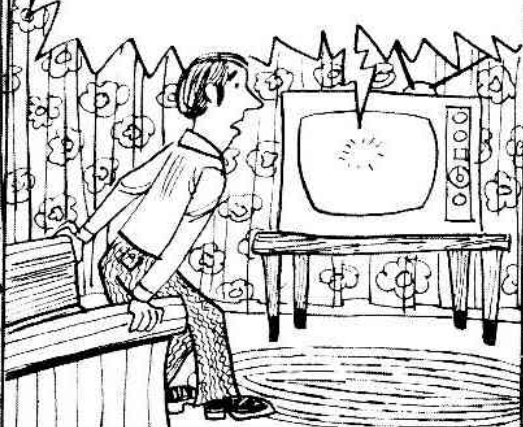
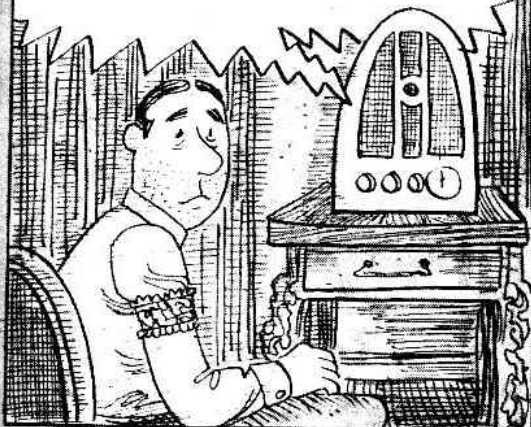
TOMORROW

ELECTION COVERAGE

Good evening! It's now two days after all the polls have closed and the outcome of our local election is still in doubt. Officials say it may take a month...

Flash! The polls closed two seconds ago and, on the basis of Mayor Driscoll's vote that we just counted, we predict that Mayor Driscoll will win with 83% of the vote!

Bulletin! Tomorrow's election has been called off because Governor Sturdley has been projected the winner. This is based on a sampling of ESP waves taken from the minds of voters...



YESTERDAY

TODAY

TOMORROW

The night was bright
Until the dawn
When they burnt crosses
On my lawn.

. . .

I'd ask you up
To see my flat
If you can fight
A king-size rat.

. . .

Want to know what it's *really* like to live in a ghetto? If you don't live in one you'll *never* know! Not unless you're a poet can you describe the scene accurately. Which is what SICK poet Fred Wolfe has tried to do here in this culturally-deprived feature we call . . .

The Ghetto Poetry Corner

by
Fred Wolfe
author of
HOW TO LIVE IN HARLEM
ON \$5 A YEAR

Illustration by
JOHN COSTANZA

I plan to change
My whole decor
Like brand-new roaches
On the floor.

. . .

I got a suit
But didn't try it
Just grabbed it fast
In that last riot.

. . .

My Cadillac
And fancy raiment
Both vanished when
I missed one payment.

. . .

I never get
That lonely feeling
When I'm in bed
With half my ceiling.

. . .

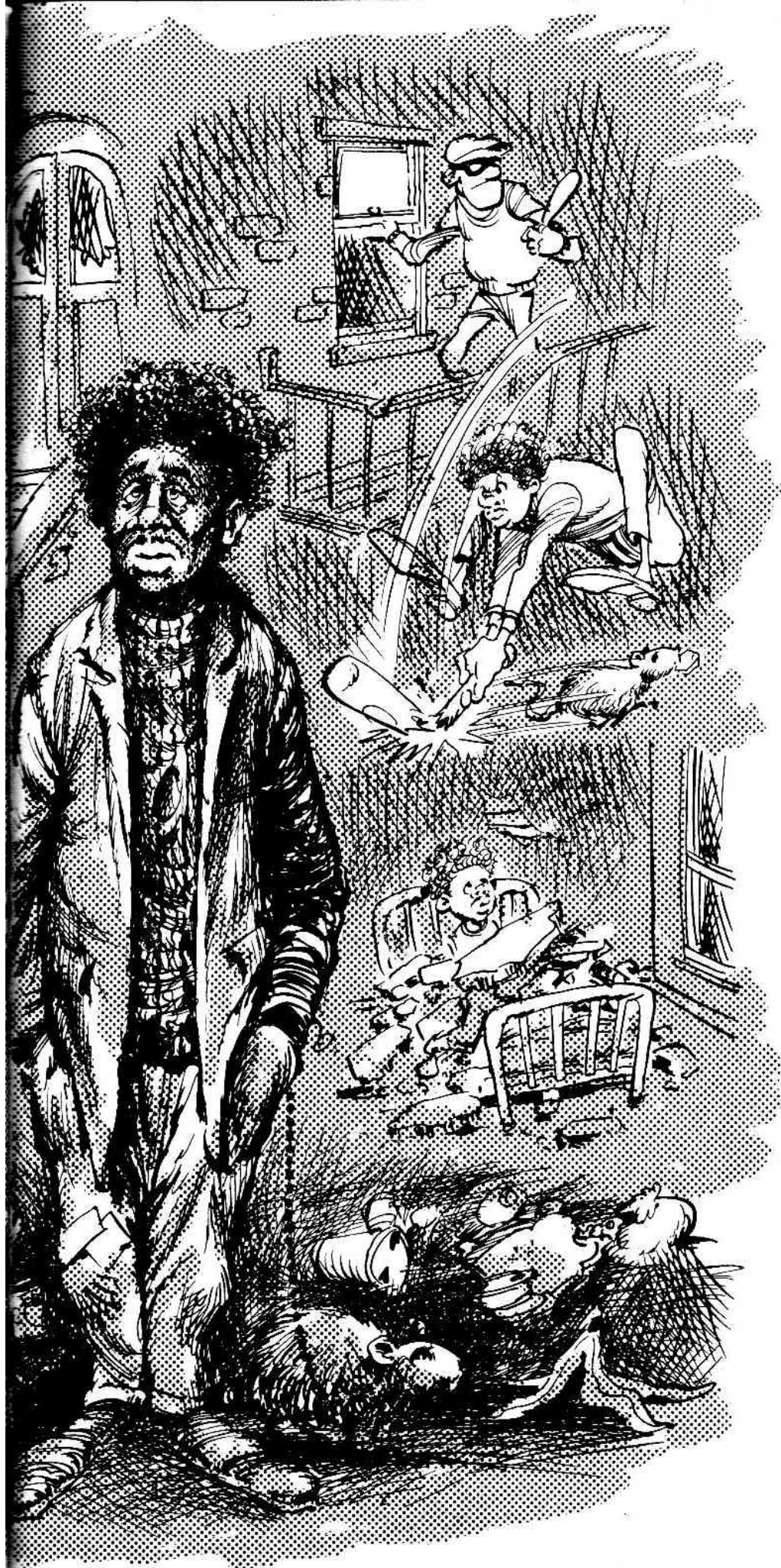
I'm sure I'll see
The Second Coming
Before my landlord
Checks my plumbing.

. . .

If Santa Claus
Asked me to choose
I'd have George Wallace
Shine my shoes.

. . .





That fragrant scent
That fills the air
Is garbage rotting
On the stair.

• • •

At night you hear
The gentle scrape
Of burglars on
Your fire-escape.

• • •

The bookies are
A social flop
Unless they own
At least one cop.

• • •

The muggers here
Though they are hard
Must travel with
A bodyguard

• • •

I've got no rug
Thought I was poor
But some wild cats
They stole my floor.

• • •

That loan-shark man
Has loads of charm
Forgot to pay —
He broke my arm.

• • •

We cut down on
Our overhead
With eighteen sleeping
In one bed.

• • •

You hear the pat
Of little feet
If you don't spray
and leave some meat.

• • •

The fuzz stopped beating
On my face
Just long enough
To spray some mace.

• • •

That bussing, man,
Is just a crock
They gave us gas
For just one block.

• • •

A lot of films passed off as "art" today are nothing but new excuses to show sex and have Hollywood producers make "real art pictures." And when we say "real art"

REAL HOLLYWOOD

THE GREATEST PICTURE EVER MADE!

Louvre Studios Present

MONA LISA

A DaVinci Production



starring

Goldie Hawn

in the title role

and **MICHAEL POLLARD**

as LEONARDO

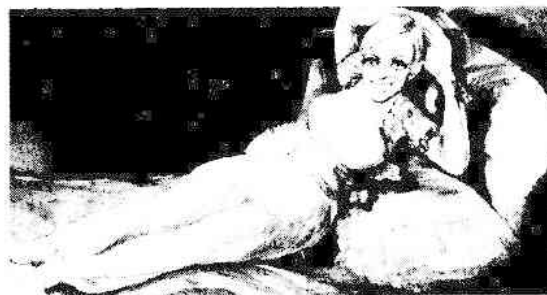
Driven by her voluptuous beauty, he tried to get her down on the canvas ... but all she did was smile at him!

PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL THE ENIGMA TO YOUR FRIENDS
(they won't even know what enigma means)

THE PICTURE THEY SAID COULDN'T BE SHOWN!

Goya's Original Uncloaked Version

THE NAKED MAJA



starring

Twiggy

in the role Audrey Hepburn turned down

He insisted on painting her in the nude... but she made him put on a bathrobe!

Banned in Paris as indecent!

This picture is so bold and so shocking that two versions were actually made. The clothed one will be shown only on matinees

tolence. About the only way that audiences are sure to get "real" art pictures is to
pictures" we mean...

Art by LUGOZE

ART PICTURES

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAVESTY

ELIZABETH TAYLOR and RICHARD BURTON
in
A Grant Wood Release
**AMERICAN
GOTHIC**



What made the clean-cut gentleman farmer carry a lethal weapon in his hand? Did he force some traveling salesman to marry his daughter at pitchfork point? Or was it to protect himself from the nagging old lady at his side?

**A PICTURE AS AMERICAN
AS CHOW MEIN AND SPAGHETTI**

Now for the first time comes the sensuous
story of an unnatural relationship...

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

(in arrangement with Grey and Black)
presents

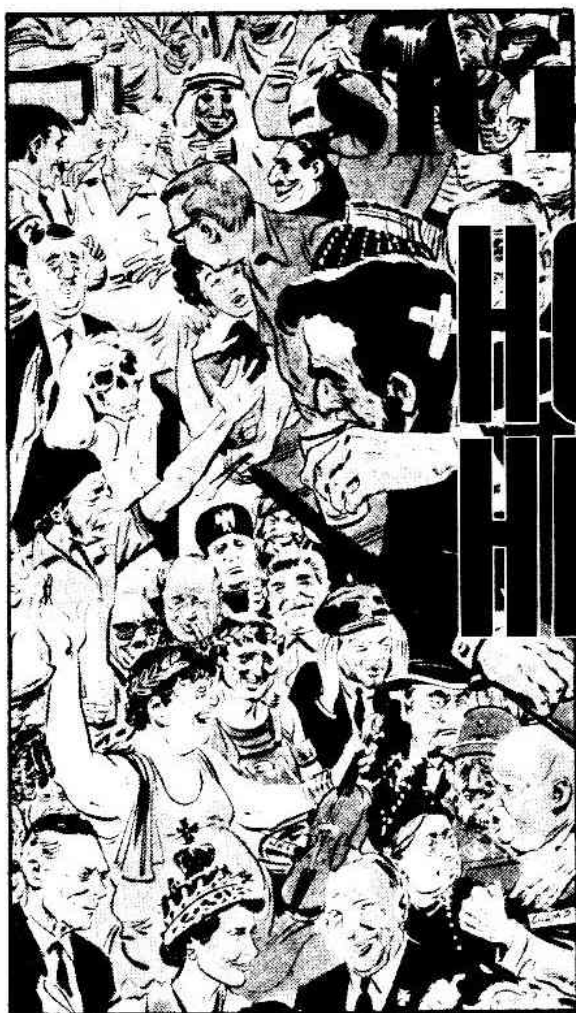
BARBRA STREISAND
as
**WHISTLER'S
MOTHER**

A Momma's Boy Production



What strange
power had this grey
old woman over her sensitive young
son that made him want her to sit
for him... and not the shapely
young girl next door?

**WILL HAVE YOU
SITTING AT THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT**
(where you will have dozed off!)



STICK'S HANDY. HOMEWORK HELPER

ANSWERS TO
QUESTIONS MOST
ASKED BY
TEACHERS

Q. What was Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

A. 132 Elm Street, Gettysburg, Pa.

Q. What were Alexander Graham Bell's famous first words?

A. Goo-goo.

Q. What is the City of Brotherly Love?

A. Greenwich Village.

Q. Where does the painting "The Last Supper" hang?

A. From a nail in the back.

Q. Why did Edward the Eighth give up his crown?

A. Because the crown is a seven and Edward wears a six and seven-eighths.

Q. What is the Ford Foundation?

A. A corset invented by Henry Ford.

Q. When did General Custer make his last stand?

A. When he was surrounded by three thousand screaming Indians.

Q. Why was the Pony Express established?

A. Because there was no fast way to ship ponies.

Q. Who was Boss Tweed?

A. President of the Tweed Cloak and Suit Company.

Q. What is the top money-making film of all time?

A. Richard Burton's home movies.

Q. What were the Middle Ages?

A. Same as now—between 40 and 50.

Q. Who started the Dreyfuss affair?

A. A sexy blonde waitress named Fifi.

Q. What was Samuel Clemens' pen name.

A. He never had a name for his pen.

Q. What was the Age of Leonardo?

A. About 53.

Q. Who said "Beauty is only skin deep?"

A. A very ugly girl with deep skin.



"Sometimes. Mostly, I scratch."

"No, chick, I mean ... like ... do you *dig*? Do you comprehend? Do you dig what I'm layin' down?"

"You lay?" Jonathan was wide-eyed. "You're a male. How can you lay eggs?"

"Ooooooweeee, we really got ourselves a nowhere square. I suggest that if you wish to dig my righteous, heavy message, you should pick up a copy of my book, 'Fowl On Ice', which I'll be glad to peddle to you for 125 seeds or 10 worms, depending on the kind of currency you carryin'. I do accept Bird Americard ... or Masterchirp."

"But all you should be interested in is flying," said Jonathan, caught up in his zeal. "Flying means perfection, attainment, realization. ..."

"Those abstractions are groovy for you downtown dudes who got it all and, believe me, we gonna do all them things some day, but right now we got to work on the basics, you dig? We want a sense of propriety in a free society ... the real nitty-gritty in a decent city. ..."

Angela picked it up. "And a place on the ledge where we ain't on edge."

A third member, Stokely Blackbird, chimed in, "And jelly in the belly and a nest that is best."

And suddenly, the four and twenty blackbirds were caught up in a soul-slapping, wing-flapping, down home rock and revival number so infectious that even Jonathan felt the need to sway, slap and snap. And soon all were singing:

"A place on the ledge where we ain't on edge,"

"And a four-door cage that's all the rage,"

"And jelly in the belly and a nest that is best,"

"And an all-weather feather when we get it all together. ..."

"Let's leave," Patsy whispered. "This is starting to sound like that all-bird rock festival, Woodcock, and it can go on all night." Thus, Jonathan and his cohorts bid adieu to the ecstatic blackbirds and flew back toward Sullivan Street in Greenwich Village.

Alfie begged off from any further touring. "I got a date tonight with a sweet, young thing. Told 'er I'd get 'er on the Ed Sullivan Show and make her a big starling."

"But Ed ain't on the air anymore," Patsy protested.

"Shhhhhh! If you don't say nothin', I won't say nothin'." That salacious gleam back in his eye, he doused himself in an exotic fragrance, Cage Rage No. 5, and was off.

Days passed into weeks, the weeks into months. Jonathan continued to learn much of city life, its triumphs and tragedies, its ups and downs, and with knowledge came greater desire and with greater desire came greater efficiency in his daily flights.

One day Jonathan was able to outspeed a Sikorsky 'copter. Soon he was going 300 miles an hour, then 350, and finally the unheard of speed of 400 miles an hour.

Again at night, The Voice of the Great Chicken came to him, and now he knew not whether it was fantasy or reality, so intertwined had both elements become in his life. The Voice urged him on to greater effort, more understanding, and added, "Never turn your back on an 1847 Rogers Brothers fork."

"You know, Patsy," Jonathan remarked one evening, "I feel something within me is saying, go home and teach my birds of a feather all that I have learned."

"Knock it off, Jonathan," Patsy said testily. "You were kicked out of the flock by this old Tevyeh guy, right? They turned their tails on you, right? Forget it. Stay here in New York. Where the action is. Or with the speed you got now, you can have a ball, fly to Florida in the winter, Canada in the summer, Europe, wherever. Just watch out for the Cook's Tour."

Patsy's words were tempting, but Jonathan remained troubled. Good life or no, there must have been a reason for this startling transformation. Why had he alone been singled out by the Great Chicken? And he knew the answer. He had to fly back.

"I'll never forget you and your mom, Patsy," said Jonathan, poised on the ledge to take off one morning. "I wish I knew how to repay you, but anything I'd give you would be chicken feed."

"Just," and Patsy's cooing broke into a kind of pigeon sob, "keep in touch, huh?"

"I'll say something for you at the top of St. Patrick's this morning," said Teresa Pigeon, the tears brimming in her eyes. Even Alfie was morose. "I'll miss you, mytie," but then he smiled. "Here, if you're ever up in Maine," and he whispered the address of a nest in Kennebunkport, "see Phyllis Finch. A proper New Englander and all that because she flies around libraries, but you connect with her out of moulting season and she's dynamite!"

Jonathan could contain his own tears no longer; so he kicked out, caught a brisk thermal,



☆☆☆
**COLONEL
 KENTUCKY'S
 CHICKEN-PICKIN'S
 GALA** ☆☆☆
OPENING
 NYACK
 ROUTE 9W

got his wings going and shot away, destination north, at 400 miles an hour.

A few minutes out of the city, on Route 9W, he saw the flashing sign that made him break speed and curve downward: COLONEL KENTUCKY'S CHICKEN-PICKIN'S.

Hundreds of people were milling about on this gala opening day of the Colonel's latest franchise, and, indeed, the old Kentucky homewrecker himself stood on a platform addressing the spectators.

"Howwwwwwwdeeeeeeeee!" squeaked Colonel Kentucky in his best Minnie Pearl style. "I surely hope you folks up here in Nyack are gonna be regular patrons of the colonel's fine old Southern-style fried chicken."

Jonathan felt his gorge rising, the image of that greasy bucket and its grisly contents in his mind. He headed down for a closer look, and to his horror spotted in cages piled atop the flatbed of a huge truck, hundreds and hundreds of his brethren awaiting their doom.

"Just wanted you-all to see these fine feathered friends in their live state, so you can be assured you're gettin' the best of the barnyard," the entrepreneur went on. "And here's a little knee-slapper for you. Why does a chicken cross the road? To get to the colonel's ever-lovin' oven, that's why."

His words cut through Jonathan like a carving knife. Patently, the lanky man with the long frockcoat, the string tie and the silvery beard was Chicken Enemy Number One, and Jonathan would have to do something drastic to stop this carnage. But what? What could one chicken do against this well-Wesson-oiled murder machine?

Now Jonathan was on the ground, standing on the fringe of the crowd, wracking his brain for a solution to this Adolf Eichmann of Chickendom's final solution.

So intense was Jonathan's anger that he did not hear the footsteps padding behind him, and suddenly 10 man-fingers encircled his feet, he was upside-down squawking and flapping his wings, but unable to move, and a voice laughed, "Say, Colonel, here's one that almost got away."

"Well, stick that critter in a cage with the rest. In a few minutes, he's gonna be a \$1.49 special. . ."

And so Jonathan Segal Chicken, who had learned to fly in order to achieve freedom and dignity, was imprisoned in a cage with his kin, about to meet his just dessert . . . but, unfortunately, he thought with bitterness, he wouldn't be just dessert, but the main course.



THREE

"Idiot." The epithet came from a lovely dark-feathered pullet in the crowded cage, who identified herself as Ali MacClaw. "Why did you let yourself get caught?" she said in her theatrically trained voice. "There you were, free as a bird, to coin a phrase, and you fell into that Kentucky killer's clutches. Why didn't you just walk away from all this?"

"To begin with," Jonathan said, "I don't walk; I fly," and heard a few hoots from a handsome cockerel named Rich Little Chicken, a fantastic impersonator who was able to reproduce owl sounds. "And secondly, I came here to liberate you."

"Bananas," sighed Woody Allen Chicken. "We have a chicken who's gone bananas. Probably resulting from a distorted childhood during which he was breast-fed by an incubator."

"I really can save us," Jonathan said. "Just follow me when the time comes."

"Saved? Saved? What's all this talk about being saved?" said an old hen, Biddy Boop.

"This is the day we've all dreaded since we cracked out of our shells."

"No it isn't," Jonathan retorted, and there was such authority in his cackle that somehow the others began to listen. "Do you all want to get out or take the esophageal slide to doom in a human's stomach?"

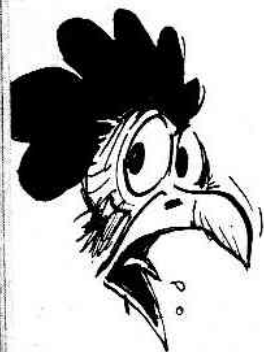
"But it's inevitable," Biddy Boop said in a tired voice. "That's why we've been fattened up all our lives."

"Do you want to get out?" Jonathan repeated.

There was such a crackle in his cackle that it electrified the others, and they began to bang against the bars and yell, "Yes, yes, yes!" suddenly realizing they had been lying to themselves all their lives.

"Sure, sure, you guys in them white uniforms with the spatulas in your hands wanna take me down Death Row, but I'm breakin' out, you hear me?" It was Rich Little Chicken slipping into his John Garfield-in-the-Bighouse voice, then into Bogart. "I'm with you,

60 sweetheart."





"Play it again, Sam," Woody Allen Chicken said and even he, the cynic, was now swept up by this fervor for freedom. "Fantastic, Jonathan. Count me in."

"The time is now," Jonathan said, for they were all being hoisted by sweaty, grunting humans into the rear of the new roadside stand where others stood ready to kill, pluck and cook.

Colonel Kentucky was chuckling. "I reckon it's time to open shop. I mahself am gonna do the honors on that—" his beady eyes focused on Jonathan—"brazen little feller we found running free outside." He reached his corded hand into the cage and grasped at Jonathan, but this was the moment the plucky, unwilling to be plucked chicken was waiting for. In the brief instant the sliding top of the cage was open, he flashed out and soared to the ceiling.

"Oh, my God, he *can* fly!" screamed Biddy Boop. "Go, Jonathan, save yourself! Fly out the back door!"

"That damn chicken is pesky as a porcupine in a pea patch," snarled Colonel Kentucky, reaching for an ax. "I'm gonna take care o' him mahself."

But as the steel edge glinted on its way up, Jonathan was power-diving down, like a feathered Phantom Jet taking evasive action, easily dodging the cutting edge and landing a sharp beak flush on the seat of Colonel Kentucky's white linen trousers; and the old tycoon yelped like a boy stung by a hornet. "Goldarnit," he whimpered. "He ain't no chicken! He's a damn devil!"

The "damn devil" whooshed around the Colonel again and again, landing penetrating painful pecks, causing the codger to jump up and down howling; then, with a graceful slash of his spurs that he had copied from Manolete, he carved CHICKEN LIBERATION on the Colonel's bottom.

The rest of those in Jonathan's cage had broken out, inspired by the feathered bombardier inflicting his telling pecks on the Colonel and his men, and free for the first time in their lives, went for their tormentors in a savage cackling surge.

"They've all gone mad!" screamed one of the men, diving through the window.

"The others!" Jonathan cried. "I must free the others!" He dove down at the stacked-up cages, bulled them over, and chickens by the score began to crash their way through the broken wooden bars.

One of the Colonel's men, being simultaneously pecked by Ali, Woody and Rich, screamed, "This never would have happened if I had been working at MacDonald's. They've sold 12 billion burgers and not one of them ever ran amok."

When the liberated chickens pecked their way to the parking lot, Jonathan cried, "Now ... fly, fly! Catch the wind and fly! You've got wings, use 'em!"

Alas, even freedom could not shake the scurrying flock out of their vestigial habits, and the frightened fools could not or would not listen to Jonathan pleading, "Follow me ... follow me ..." And so, they met their fate, recaptured by the Colonel Kentucky crew or hit by cars; and saddest of all were the bewildered ones who almost immediately ran back into their cages for refuge and security and did indeed end up as \$1.49 specials.

But a few did not. Rich and Woody and Ali did follow in Jonathan's wake, at first managing only a few feet of flight as he had earlier, but with his constant urging and the adrenaline pumping in their glands, they flew—badly, raggedly, out of formation, but they flew.

"Hey, this is super," said Rich. "It sure was worth fighting for, this flying stuff." Woody poked his head into Jonathan's face. "Did you see me back there, Jonathan? Wasn't I fantastic, my beak pecking out combination bites like George Foreman working over a punching bag?"

"Ali really surprised me," Jonathan smiled. "She was a regular Muhammad Ali. Tell me," and he turned to the pullet who churned the air with her delicate feathers, "where did you learn such violence?"

"From the great chicken filmmaker, Sam Peckinclaw," she revealed. "I had a bit part in a flick of his called 'The Wild Flock.'"

Woody's head spun. "Say 'movie.' Don't ever say 'flick' to a chicken."

In Jonathan's heart was sheer exaltation. He had taken three chickens aloft and they had made it! Next would come the hard, unending days of trial and error, early morning flights, night missions, all that goes into the shaping of a true bird on the wing.

He proved an apt teacher, and now he realized more than ever that he must return to his home to teach the others, for if four could now fly, how many more had that potential?





So, after two months of intensive, around-the-clock flying, Jonathan commanded his students to descend to a golden meadow ringed by great oak trees. To their surprise, he flew over to one of the oaks, stripped off several leaves with his beak and flew back, placing several clusters on the wings of Rich, Woody and Ali. They stood straight and proud.

"You have learned well," said Jonathan softly. "These leaves signify that you have passed your course and are being graduated as instructors."

"How do you like that?" said Rich Little Chicken, now in his John Wayne voice. "We're chicken colonels!"

Then Jonathan told them his plans. "I'm going back to my flock," he said. "I don't know how they'll take to me. After all, I left as an outcast. But you can come with me, if you're game."

"If we don't come with you," said Woody, "we're definitely game." Two gunshots from a hunter punctuated his little joke. But luckily, being a typical hunter, all he hit was another hunter.

As one, the foursome took off at a clip of 535 mph. "Hey, guys," Jonathan said. "Look, coming up aft of us." They all wheeled to catch the sun flashing coruscating showers on the fuselage of a 747 jet.

It was while they were dipping their wings in salute to their monstrous mechanical brother that Jonathan spotted something dangerously awry. The rear door of the humpbacked leviathan was open.

And there, silhouetted in the doorway, was a man, a parachute pack on his back, a satchel in one hand, and in the other a Browning automatic rifle.

Cowering, her hands behind her neck, was a trim, petite stewardess, under the gun and pale with fear, so much so that her "Fly Me" sign had melted on her lapel.

Jonathan Segal Chicken knew in a flash from newspapers Teresa Pigeon had set around the coop in New York that the man with the hard eyes and the determined face was none other than the most infamous of all skyjackers, D. B. Jumper! Obviously, Jumper, his satchel crammed with loot, was preparing a bailout over a designated spot where his confederates would pick him up.

"I've got to do something," Jonathan said breathlessly.

"Cool it," said Woody. "Why should we get involved? You know what humans do to us. I say forget it and let's go on with the winning of the Catskills."

Rich Little Chicken's typical response was to start whistling the theme from the "High and the Mighty," but Ali, ever intense, said, "Do what you must, but be careful."

Jonathan sailed through the doorway. Whack! He hit the skyjacker's midsection full force, sending the man to the floor and the Browning flying out of his hand. The stewardess quickly slammed and bolted the door, but Jumper was on his feet at once in a catlike recovery and crouched in a karate position. He sent two passengers spinning with backhanded cuts and was just about to retrieve his rifle when Jonathan went into battle.

For thirty wild seconds, it was man against chicken, hand against claw, shoulder against wing, nose against beak, punch against peck, peck against punch, Punch against Judy. . .

During the melee, Jumper managed to grab Jonathan's neck for the death squeeze, but again the lessons he had learned from Manolete on in-fighting paid off, and his scrabbling claws found naked skin and left five weals running from brow to chin, and it was all over for the blubbering Jumper. Three stewardesses pushed him into a seat, asked him politely, "Will you please fasten your seat belt?" and then proceeded to knock him silly, not by unnecessary force, but with the secret weapon of all good airlines—five kinds of wines, three kinds of champagne, fruits, cheeses, macadamia nuts—until Jumper fell into a complete stupor.

Jonathan, meanwhile, flew to first-class. There, on a serving cart being pushed by a stewardess, was a gigantic carcass of a chicken. A chill sped through Jonathan, who knew that only one bird in all of creation possessed such powerful thighs, legs and breasts. . .

It was Tevyeh Mostel Chicken.

An ironic twist of fate, indeed. Tevyeh, who had been so steeped in tradition . . . who said that chickens should not fly—he was flying 35,000 feet up, as high as Jonathan himself had ever flown.

At least, Jonathan thought, a sad smile wrinkling his beak, Tevyeh's going first class.

He made his way back to the rear door and flapped his wings against it; a tall, buxom stewardess, seeming to sense his desire to leave (besides, he had no ticket and his presence would have to be explained to the agents with the bookkeeper mentalities on the ground;



then they'd have to decide, does a chicken go full price? half-price? student standby?), finally figured, the heck with it, opened the door and let him fly free.

FOUR

Dawn came in at 4:45 A.M. on the farm of Nathan and Jennie Berkowitz. To herald it, up on a fencepost hopped Longines Leghorn Chicken, the farm's new wake-up rooster, for John Cameron Timex's time had run out long ago, as had the lives of Morris and Bella Chicken and so many others.

Among the survivors was Hennie Youngman Chicken, once the funster of the flock, but now its plump, pompous elder. No more would Hennie keep the others rocking with laughter. That was now undignified. He had hired a duck named Allan Drake to do the one-liners.

Beside Hennie was his wife, the once slim, attractive Marilyn Nitzberg Chicken, whose pullet days were over, for now she had scores of chicks of her own. And because she was the wife of the leader, Marilyn was the president of Hendassah, the charitable organization of females who cared for the old and indigent by bringing them little baskets of matzoh crumbs filched from the Berkowitzes' garbage.

Unlike their human counterparts, they would never dream of taking chicken soup to the ill.

Aside from the change in leadership, everything was pretty much as it had always been, thousands of chickens pecking at kernels, squawking, arguing and carrying on their routine life. Except for one deviation: Here, where he had first flown, the legend of Jonathan Segal Chicken was very much alive. The few who had witnessed his flight and were still around to whisper about it had aroused a great curiosity, especially among the ever-restless young, who nurtured the tale but dared not speak about it in the presence of the Establishment.

Hennie waddled into the midst of the flock for the daily briefing. "Fellow chickens, here are some items on the morning report. First, I want to congratulate all the chickens from the 441st Laying Battalion for laying their one millionth egg last night. The Double EE pennant for Egg Excellence is being whipped up right now by Mrs. Berkowitz from a Simplicity Pattern, and will soon be flying on your tin roof.

"Second, our deadly enemy, Warfield the hawk, was sighted yesterday on a neighboring farm, which communicated this information by sending us a chicken wire. . ."

When a great flapping of wings pierced the air, they at first believed it to be the dreaded Warfield and some made ready to flee the coop, but Hennie blinked unbelievably to see that familiar flying fowl at the head of a formation including, just as incredibly, three other chickens! Before they hit the dust in smooth landings, they regaled the startled flock with a variety of eye-popping spins and loops.

"Gottenu!" whispered Hennie Youngman Chicken. "It's Jonathan!" And for a second, time fell away and he could see himself as Jonathan's old buddy, clowning and doing the jokes ("Show me a rooster who wakes up the farm and I'll show you an alarm cluck.") But Marilyn, noticing the old youthful gleam, shot him a reproving glance and he grumbled to himself, "Now take my wife—please."

"Fool," she hissed. "Don't you remember that Jonathan was driven away by Tevyeh, that he violated the tradition of chickendom that you as the new leader are sworn to uphold?"

Hennie, reminded of his status, drew himself up to his full 12-inch height. With a claw, he traced a long line in the dust and turned to his flock. In a vehement tone, he said, "Do not go beyond this line. He and his friends are outcasts. Those who cross this line to communicate with them shall also be considered outcasts. I alone will talk to him."

"Jonathan, why have you come back to disturb the tranquility of our lives?"

"Hennie," said Jonathan in a choked voice, "I have come back out of love and respect for my kind, to point the way to a better life for all chickens. I have traveled far, seen much, and want to share all this. . ."

But Hennie's back stiffened. And he turned and waddled away.

Others of the flock, afraid to incur Hennie's wrath, paraded behind him; but there were a few who cast covetous looks at the foursome, and Jonathan could perceive a longing to emulate their dash and bravado.

So he wisely took his aerial circus to a nearby meadow, and each day they went through their formations, even a T-formation, for the clever Rich Little Chicken was also able to mimic Johnny Unitas.





In the passing weeks, despite Hennie's edict, those younger elements were whispering among one another, "Man, that flying is a gas!" and one by one, in open defiance, they crossed the line, and became eager fledglings in an ever-growing armada.

Rich Little Chicken, Woody and Ali, had their own squadrons now, and Jonathan oversaw the entire operation. Within a few days, the peaceful meadow seemed like an airport. "It won't be long until they put in insurance machines," Jonathan remarked to Rich.

And at this point, even the elders, Hennie among them, knew that the taste of flying freedom was too strong to fight. But the old ones, though envious, still refused to ask for flying lessons.

One afternoon as Jonathan sat talking to thousands of rapt—not wrapped—chickens, the elders went over to the knoll upon which he sat and Hennie interrupted: "Jonathan, I must ask you this. Here you are with thousands of the flock at your feet, entranced by your new way of life. Tell me, do you think that you are Jesus Christ Superchicken?"

"Oy vay, no!" Jonathan responded.

As he spoke, there was a sudden screech, and bolting out of the blue came their deadliest foe, Warfield the hawk!

Panic raced through the flock and those who could fly forgot their newly acquired skill and skittered around the meadow, colliding with one another, in terror of talons.

Warfield's maddened eyes fixed on the fattest, Hennie, and he sunk those horrid talons into the leader's fleshy breast. Hennie squawked pitifully. "Run," he screamed to the others, "run, save yourselves!"

One did not run.

Jonathan Segal Chicken.

"Take me on!" he squawked defiantly at the hawk, who put down the terrorized Hennie to laugh harshly. "What have we here? A chicken who isn't chicken?"

In answer, Jonathan came zooming toward his archenemy and the battle was joined. A chicken and a hawk were about to commence a dogfight.

To the onlookers, it seemed one-sided. How could Jonathan ever match that hideous array of talons and curved beak? But they had not reckoned with his incredible maneuverability and stout heart.

Again and again, the hawk lunged in for killing rakes, only to find that Jonathan had facilely slipped by and flown behind him to tickle his tail. And soon all the chickens were laughing in an unrestrained fashion.

Hennie, although scratched badly, reverted to his old comedic form and said, "How do you like that? A chicken is giving a hawk a goose and he's too clumsy to duck." He had put it all together for the best one-liner in his life.

Around and around Jonathan flew, pecking, jabbing, slapping out with a wing until the hawk began to pant with sheer exhaustion and whimpered, "I surrender, I surrender." Jonathan picked up an olive branch, shoved it into the beak of his bewildered foe and with a clarion cry of "Never again!" sent Warfield off limping.

Thus, a hawk had been converted into a dove!

All resistance to Jonathan now melted. They gathered around him to cheer, and even Hennie, whose wounds happily were superficial chicken tracks, lumbered over to embrace his old pal and crack, "Jonathan, when they made you, they threw away the shell! Okay, teach me to fly."

Though all were at last united on the Berkowitz farm, Jonathan could not find peace, for there were other barnyards, other flocks throughout the country, yea, verily, the world, where his guidance was needed.

Then one morning, when all was peaceful and every chicken was in one stage of flight or another, Jonathan heard an agonized lowing sound from the barn. It was his friend, Esther Holstein Cow.

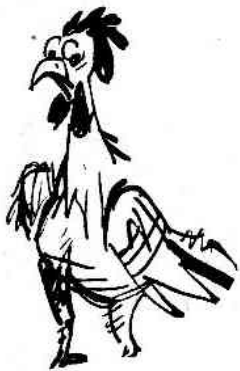
"What's wrong?" Jonathan asked.

"It's a news bulletin from the Middle East. The Arabs are using the latest Russian planes to attack the Israelis."

"But that's thousands of miles away."

"I don't care how far. If a Holstein shouldn't worry about Israel, who should?"

Her concern cut through the discontent that had lingered in Jonathan, even during his triumphs. Now he knew where his destiny lay, for he was not just a chicken, but a Kosher chicken . . . and he was needed in this moment of crisis.



He gathered the entire flock for a farewell on the meadow and told them why he must leave.

"But how can we continue without you, Jonathan?" said the elders. "We still have so much to learn. And who will lead us? Poor Hennie is so scarred from that hawk affair, we retired him and put him on Medi-Chick."

"Rich Little Chicken will be the new elder. He is wise, fair, intelligent and does a marvelous impression of a President."



FIVE



Major General Hakkim En Sakkim, the famed "Red Sheik" of the Egyptian Air Force, sat at the controls of his new Russian-supplied Foxbat jet, supremely confident that nothing Israel could send up on this brilliant day over the Suez Canal could match its supersonic speed and mobility. Flying in the apex of a V-formation of five planes, he chattered over his radio to the pilots at his side, "Camel Leader One to all planes. We are nearing target. Prepare rockets. Acknowledge."

Camel Drivers One through Four sent back their answering responses and the V tightened like some loathsome dagger point, ready to be thrust into the very heart of Israel's Knesset, the Parliament. And the Red Sheik chortled, for even the U.S.-made Phantoms rising to meet the invaders seemed slow-winged and ludicrously simple to avoid. The Egyptians flew over Sinai, cut north and headed for helpless Jerusalem.

On the top of Mount Scopus, Jonathan, who had paused to rest after his nonstop flight from New York, heard the droning and knew he had arrived not a moment too soon. He saw the Foxbats powering down and wondered if he had enough strength to meet this challenge? What could he, a mere chicken, do against this sophisticated technology? But in his mind, The Voice of the Great Chicken said, "*Any creature can do something more than he was born to do,*" and with new vitality he headed straight for the formation, fixing his eyes upon the goggled face of the Red Sheik, now split by a grin of confidence; but that look quickly changed to amazement.

"By the beard of the Prophet, they're sending up a chicken! I've heard of the wonders the Israelis do with chicken soup, but this is the first time I've ever seen a souped-up chicken. Prepare to launch rockets."

Before he could press the button that would send these lethal missiles into the heart of the Knesset, Jonathan, head down, his body a russet blur, flying faster than he ever had before, became the world's first chicken-kazi. Crashing head-on into the nose of the lead Foxbat, his impact drove it back into the planes on each flank; and a blinding ball of fire, the formation of five planes and one magnificent chicken disintegrated!



EPILOGUE

After the blinding flash that had momentarily put him into limbo, Jonathan awoke, surprisingly in no pain, but terribly confused. Did I survive? he asked himself. And where am I?

"Jonathan Segal Chicken. . ." It was The Voice, deep, sonorous, yet tender.

"Who is that?" Jonathan said timorously.

"It is I."

"Oh, my God!"

"You said a beakful."

And Jonathan knew he was in heaven. One glance of his body confirmed this suspicion, for his russet color was gone and in its place was a shimmering silver. Even his beak was solid gold, and his eyes shone like sapphires.

"Come in, my son," and Jonathan flew effortlessly past great cloud banks, through an opened door and into a scene of ineffable beauty that would have made Shangri-la look like Levittown. There was a huge hall 10,000 cubits high, its walls ornate with magnificent paintings, its floor strewn with marble statuary, and on each side were choruses of seraphim and cherubim singing hosannas to him.

"Oh, this is superb, beyond belief," exulted Jonathan.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," said Jolson, popping from behind a pillar and dropping to one knee.



"Come in, come in!" came a chorus of voices and he followed the sound through an archway to a banquet table at which sat a galaxy of immortals: Moses, in the stately robe he had worn for his audiences with Pharoah; Mark Twain, his white suit and hair a gleam; Lincoln, his oft-depicted look of sorrow gone and those eyes twinkling with merriment . . . and Socrates, Aristotle, Madame Curie, Joan of Arc and Rebecca . . . all who had left the earth a better place for having lived there.

And they passed him from hand to hand, kissed him, bade him welcome, pressed choice tidbits into his beak of the finest sturgeon, Beluga caviar, patties, gave him sips of Malaga wine and soon the table was rocking to the noise of the celebration.

"Oy," said Moses, "this noise is giving me such a headache."

"Take two tablets, my son," said The Voice, "*and if that doesn't work, check into Mount Sinai.*"

All day the revelry waxed on, singing, dancing, all in Jonathan's honor, the praise pouring like wine from the golden goblets.

Yes, they praised him, they exalted him, they hugged and embraced him.

And, because it was Friday night, they ate him.

For, dear readers, all morals and philosophies aside . . . what the hell is a chicken for? ▲



THE NEW MEDICAL GAME SHOW GUESS THE OPERATION

Script by Don Segall

Art by Jack Sparling

THE MAFIA IS ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT!

Hi out there, my name is Johnny Cussin!
Welcome to *GUESS THE OPERATION*
—the game show in which you can win
the operation of your choice if you stump
our panel, who will try to guess what kind
of an operation is being performed *right*
here on our stage!...

In just 60 seconds our team of surgeons will be
performing a *real live operation* right before your
eyes. The panelist who thinks he knows *what*
for, presses the buzzer and takes a guess. If he
answers *correctly*, the patient will be removed
and *another* brought in. If *nobody* guesses cor-
rectly, the viewer who sent in the idea for this
operation wins a *whole barrage of exciting prizes*
to be announced. O.K. everybody? *Ready...
get set...*

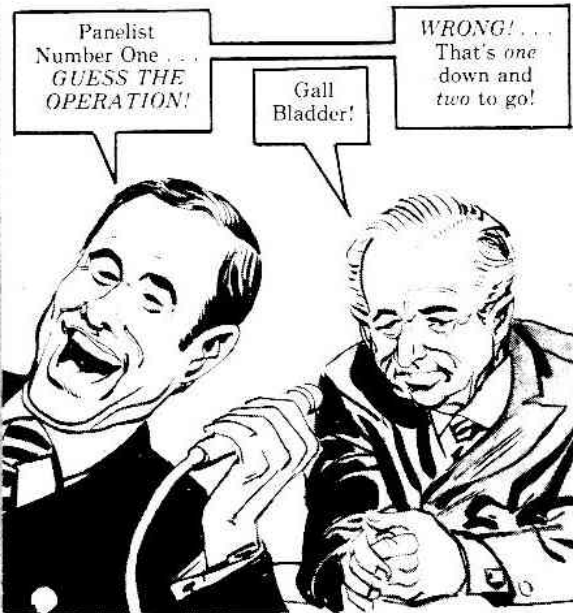


SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HERNIA FOUNDATION!



O.K., HOLD IT! There's the buzzer! STOP THE OPERATION!!

B-ZZZZZZ



WRONG! ... That's one down and two to go!

O.K., they're starting the operation again. Our second clue is... they're removing a vital organ!

Watch carefully now, panelists. Look at all the incisions! Look at all the blood! Take a wild guess!!



Close! ... but still not it! Better luck next time!

Let's start the cutting again! Our third and final clue is... the patient is now in a coma!





There's the buzzer again... **STOP THE OPERATION!... CUT THE OXYGEN!... PULL OUT ALL THE PLUGS!!**



Panelist Number Three... **GUESS THE OPERATION!**

Prostate Gland!

I'm sorry, but that's a *wrong* guess!



None of our panelists have guessed it... so let's hold up the *card* and see the answer! And the answer is...



... a **TONSIL** operation!

Oh, no! I was going to say that!

How stupid of me!

He needed it like a hole in the head!



I'm sorry, panelists, you failed to guess it so Mrs. Verna Klotz of Jersey City, who sent in the idea for this operation wins the operation of *her* choice! Plus these *fabulous* prizes...

...an exciting weekend for two at any city hospital... a brand-new 1971 *Iron Lung*... a portable *oxygen tent* with Miami air inside... a complete line of the latest *bedpans*... and a year's subscription to *SICK!*



Tune in tomorrow for another fun-packed life-and-death struggle on America's zaniest new game show... **GUESS THE OPERATION!**

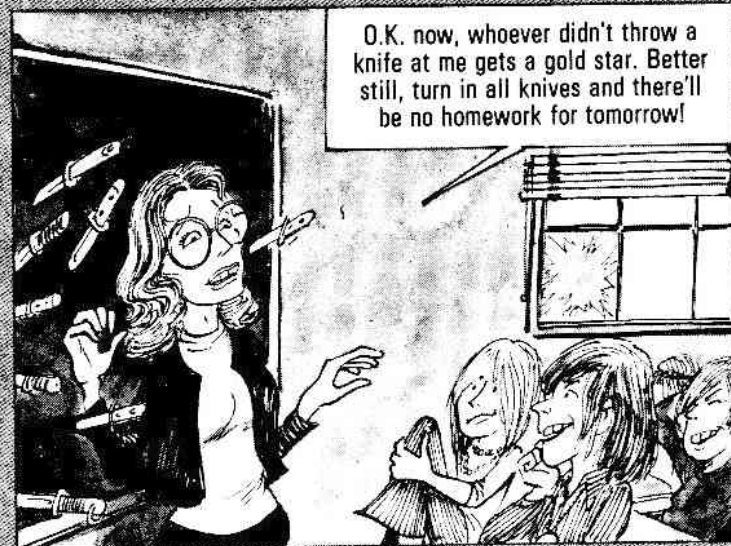
Trouble-making years ago was harmless child's play compared to what trouble-making havoc. To show you what we mean, here are several mischievous examples of...

HOW TROUBLE-M

O.K. now, who threw that spitball at me while my back was turned? Speak up or I'll suspend the entire class for the rest of the term!



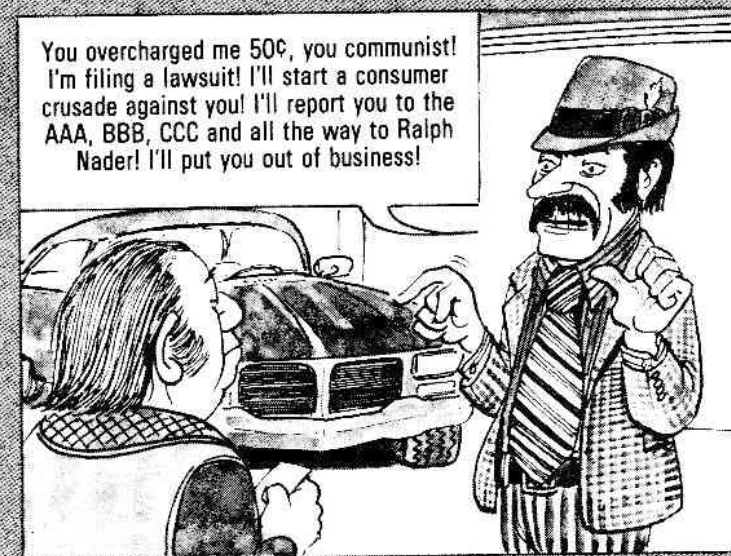
O.K. now, whoever didn't throw a knife at me gets a gold star. Better still, turn in all knives and there'll be no homework for tomorrow!



You overcharged me 50¢, you robber! I'll get back at you! I'll never do business here again. I'm going to tell all my friends about you, and they won't be customers here either. That ought to hold you!



You overcharged me 50¢, you communist! I'm filing a lawsuit! I'll start a consumer crusade against you! I'll report you to the AAA, BBB, CCC and all the way to Ralph Nader! I'll put you out of business!



I'm leaving you, Herman, you're a rotten husband! I'm going home to mother. I'm taking the children, the car and, to show you how I feel, I don't want you to ever get in touch with me again!

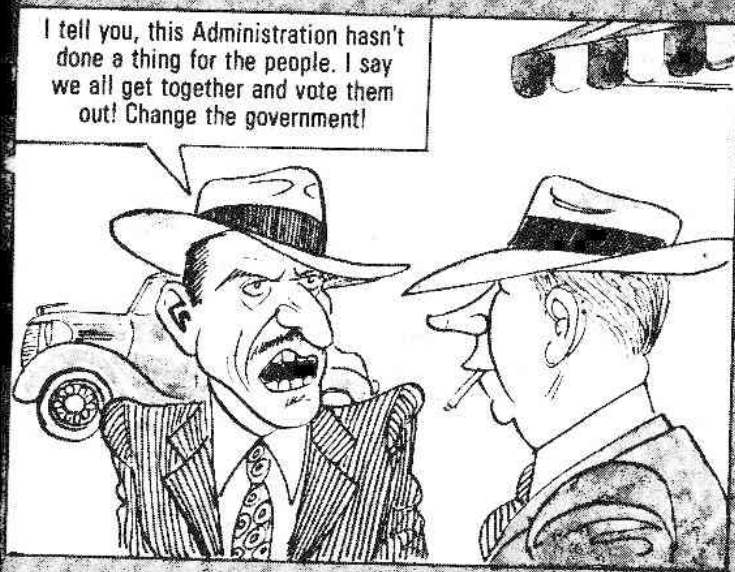
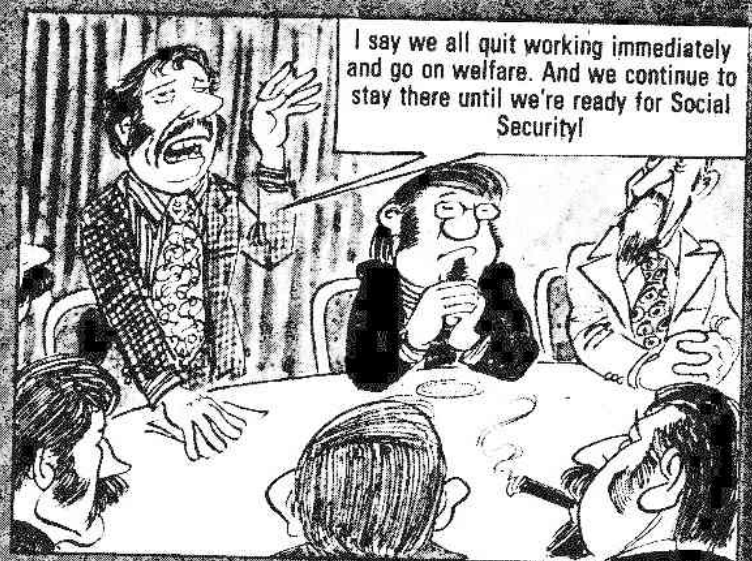


I'm leaving you, Herman, you're a male chauvinist pig! I'm joining Women's Lib. You can keep the kids, the sinkful of dishes and, to show you how I feel, I let the water out from my side of the water bed!

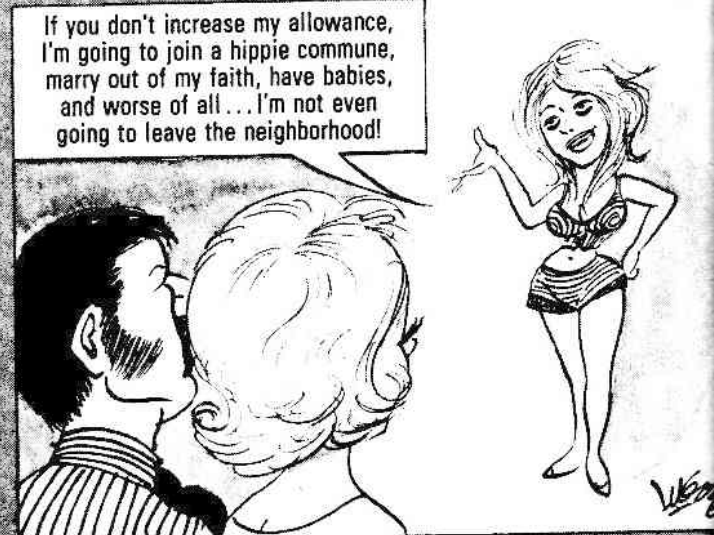
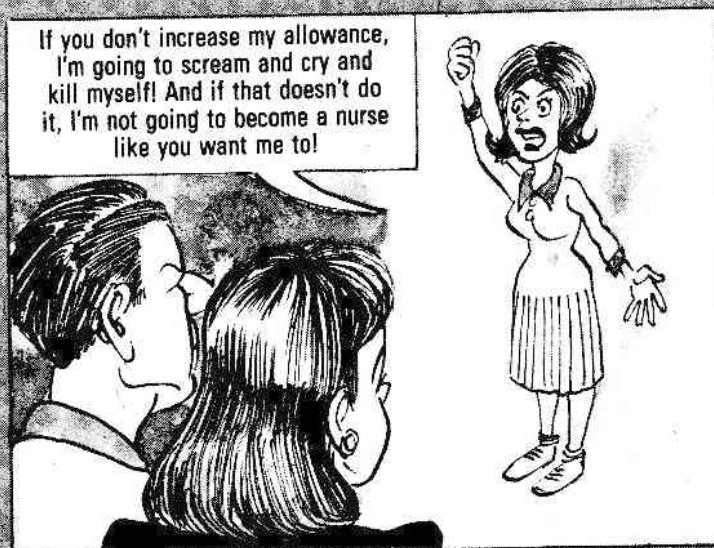
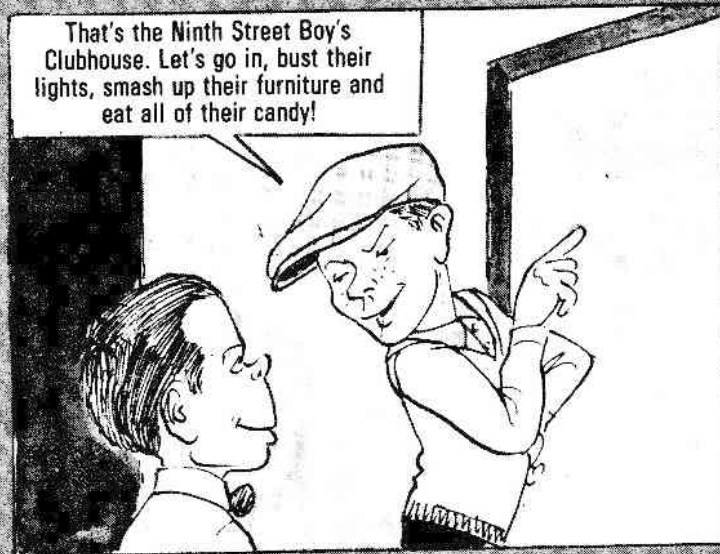


owadays. Today you gotta be an ingenious genius to cope with all the new

AKING HAS CHANGED



MORE EXAMPLES OF HOW TROUBLE-MAKING HAS CHANGED



SICK QUIZ:

HOW SICK ARE YOU?

TAKE THIS TEST
AND FIND OUT

Script by Paul Lamont

Art by Tony Tallarico

justinman@archive.org

SUPPORT DEAN MARTINI



Do you become grouchy
and irritable without appar-
ent cause?

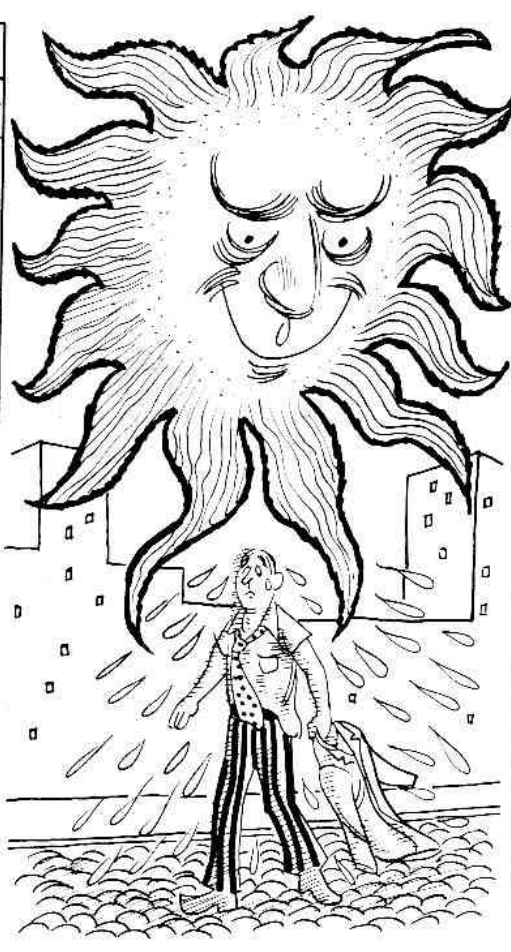
YES() NO()



Do you usually have trouble
getting off to sleep at night? YES() NO()



Do you get headaches often
in the course of a normal
day? YES() NO()



Does your face seem to get
all flushed without provoca-
tion? YES() NO()



Do you have no pep or en-
ergy to do things on your
day off? YES() NO()



Do you often find yourself
with a great loss of appetite? YES() NO()



Does your blood pressure
seem to go up suddenly at
times?

YES() NO()



Do you sometimes get dizzy
spells and then just feel
faint?

YES() NO()



Do you get cold chills up
and down your spine at odd
moments?

YES() NO()



Do you find that many times
you are unable to concen-
trate?

YES() NO()

- SCORING -

- If you answered all ten of the questions "NO" it shows that you're not sick at all. In fact, you're so healthy you should go see a doctor to find out what's wrong with you!
- If you answered half of all the questions "NO" it shows that you're a little sick. Also that you stand a good chance of getting worse if you don't watch out and see a doctor!
- If you answered none of the questions "NO" it shows that you're too far gone for medical aid. What you need is a strait-jacket as you're really sick for having taken this test at all!

If you think we're Sick, just wait till you read this magazine we found in our doctor's waiting room. It's a magazine by and for doctors, so like naturally it's called...

101 EXCUSES FOR NOT MAKING HOUSE CALLS

DOCTOR MAGAZINE



25 cc's

OCT.

—The Publication That Makes You Ill—



IS SUICIDE HABIT- FORMING?

by
Aron Mayer
M.D.

**Touching Up Those X-Rays
To Make The Patient Look Better**

**A Medic's Frank Confession:
I Couldn't Make It As A Doctor—
My Handwriting Was Too Legible!**

**What I Diagnosed As Yellow Jaundice
Turned Out To Be A Japanese Patient!**

**I Gave My Patient So Much Saccharine
—He Developed Artificial Diabetes!**

**How To Prescribe Over The Telephone
—And Never Ever See A Patient!**

**Hong Kong Flu:
An Hour After You're Cured
You Come Down With It Again!**

**The Fighting Over Medicare Is Great For Us
—It's Making Everybody Sick!**

**Small Print In Medical Group Plans:
No Payments Unless The
Whole Group Gets Sick!**



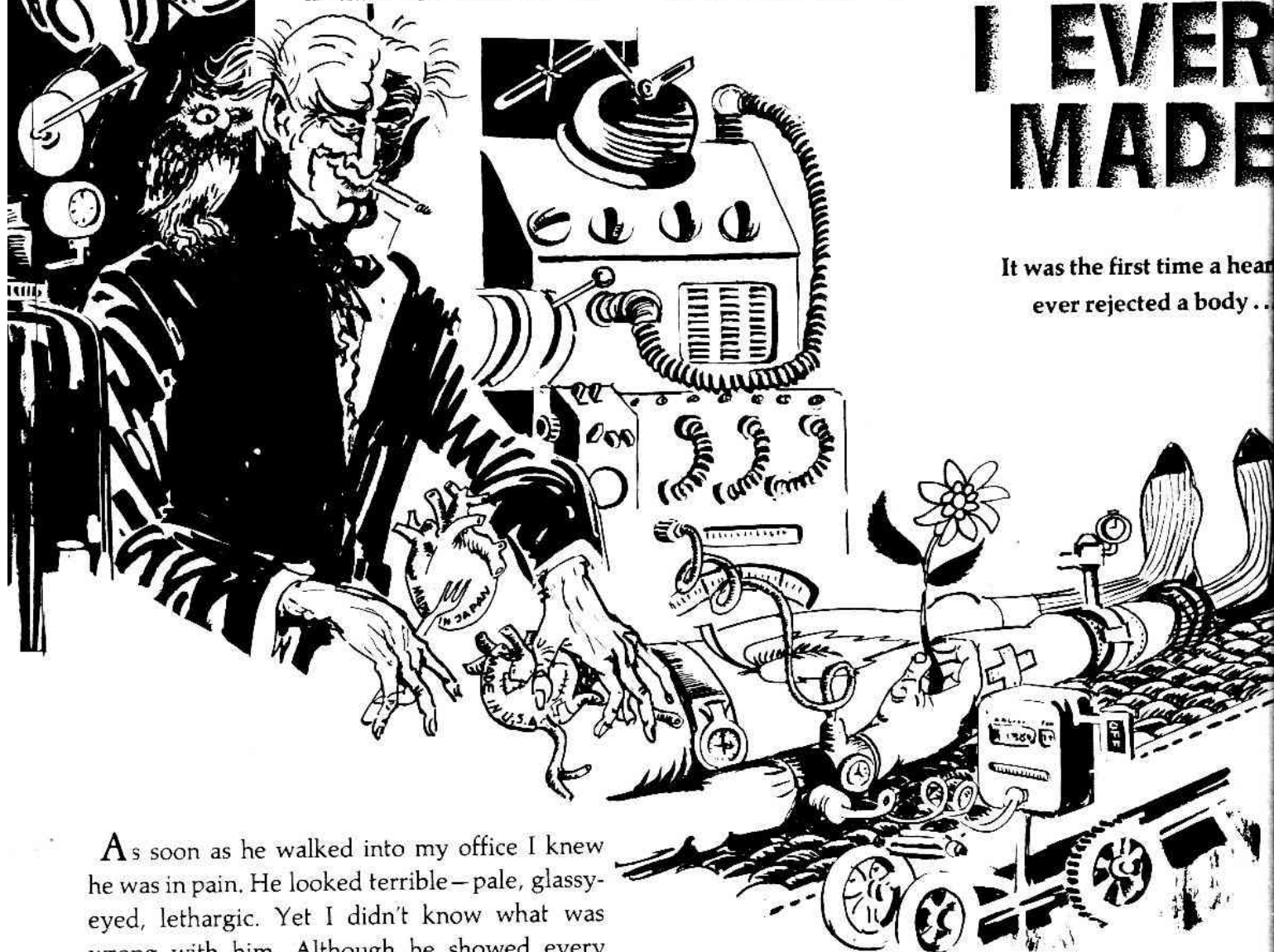
86 WAYS TO PAD A BLUE SHIELD BILL

Script by Aron Mayer

Art by Arnoldo Franchioni

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE HEART TRANSPLANT I EVER MADE

It was the first time a heart
ever rejected a body . .



As soon as he walked into my office I knew he was in pain. He looked terrible—pale, glassy-eyed, lethargic. Yet I didn't know what was wrong with him. Although he showed every symptom in the book, I couldn't put my finger on the trouble. So I gave him an EKG, a blood count, 28 cc's of Gamma-Globulin and a spinal tap. He didn't respond at all. In fact, he seemed to be in greater agony than before. So I continued the examination. I gave him a triple shot of morphine, 14 grams of sodium penthatol, a brain wave reading and two aspirins—just to be on the safe side. Still no inkling as to what was wrong!

I tell you, I was at my wit's end. It was the most baffling case I had ever encountered. I soon found myself giving him every test in the book—including some that were banned in Boston. I poked, jabbed, tapped, injected—everything but the kitchen sink. And soon I found

myself throwing him in **there**—just so I could try everything.

And so I tried the last resort. I threw him on the table, opened up his chest and right there on the spot I did a heart transplant! What can I tell you—I was so carried away I actually ripped it out of a patient in the next room! But it worked. The man now seemed to relax. He just laid there, stared up at the ceiling, and all pain vanished from his face. It was a miracle, I tell you!

Yes, this was the most unforgettable heart transplant I ever made. And what makes it so unforgettable is that it turned out the man wasn't even a patient. He just came in to read the gas meter!

MEDICAL QUIZ:

ARE YOU A GOOD DOCTOR?

TAKE THIS TEST AND SEE

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Have you prescribed at least one unnecessary operation this year? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you send your patients to specialists for every different kind of ailment? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you insist your bill be paid in cash so you don't have to declare it? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Have you written prescriptions for at least \$1000 worth of worthless drugs this year? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you have magazines in your waiting room that are no more recent than 1932? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Between patients, do you sneak off into the back room for a cigarette? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you prescribe at least 500 different colored pills daily? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Tell the truth, did you make at least one house call this year? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you make each patient spend over \$500 a year just for shot boosters? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you double your bill whenever you find that the patient belongs to a medical plan? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Are you, or have you had, at least one affair with your receptionist? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you start talking double-talk whenever you don't know what's wrong with the patient? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you prescribe over the telephone and so never have to see a patient? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Be honest—doesn't this test make you sick? | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |

—SCORING—

If you answered all of these questions "YES" this means you're a perfect doctor and should clean up a fortune in this racket.

If you answered all of these questions "NO" this means you're a lousy doctor and should be kicked out on your shingle.

If you didn't bother to answer ANY of these questions this means you're a rotten killjoy—mainly it's people like you that get US sick!

From the studio that gave you

• **THE CYST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**

• **MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACCINATION**

• **COME BLOW YOUR HEALTH**

now comes the sickest movie of them all!

Pain Productions Present

DOCTOR, NO!

An Im-Patient Picture In Stethoscope With Moaning Sound



STARRING (in order of their disappearance)

Regis Tumor
Guy Lumbago
Gall Storm
Katherine Heartburn
Orson Swelles

Jean Arthritis
Joey Bashup
Hernia Gingold
Eva Marie St. Vitus
Ethel Murmur

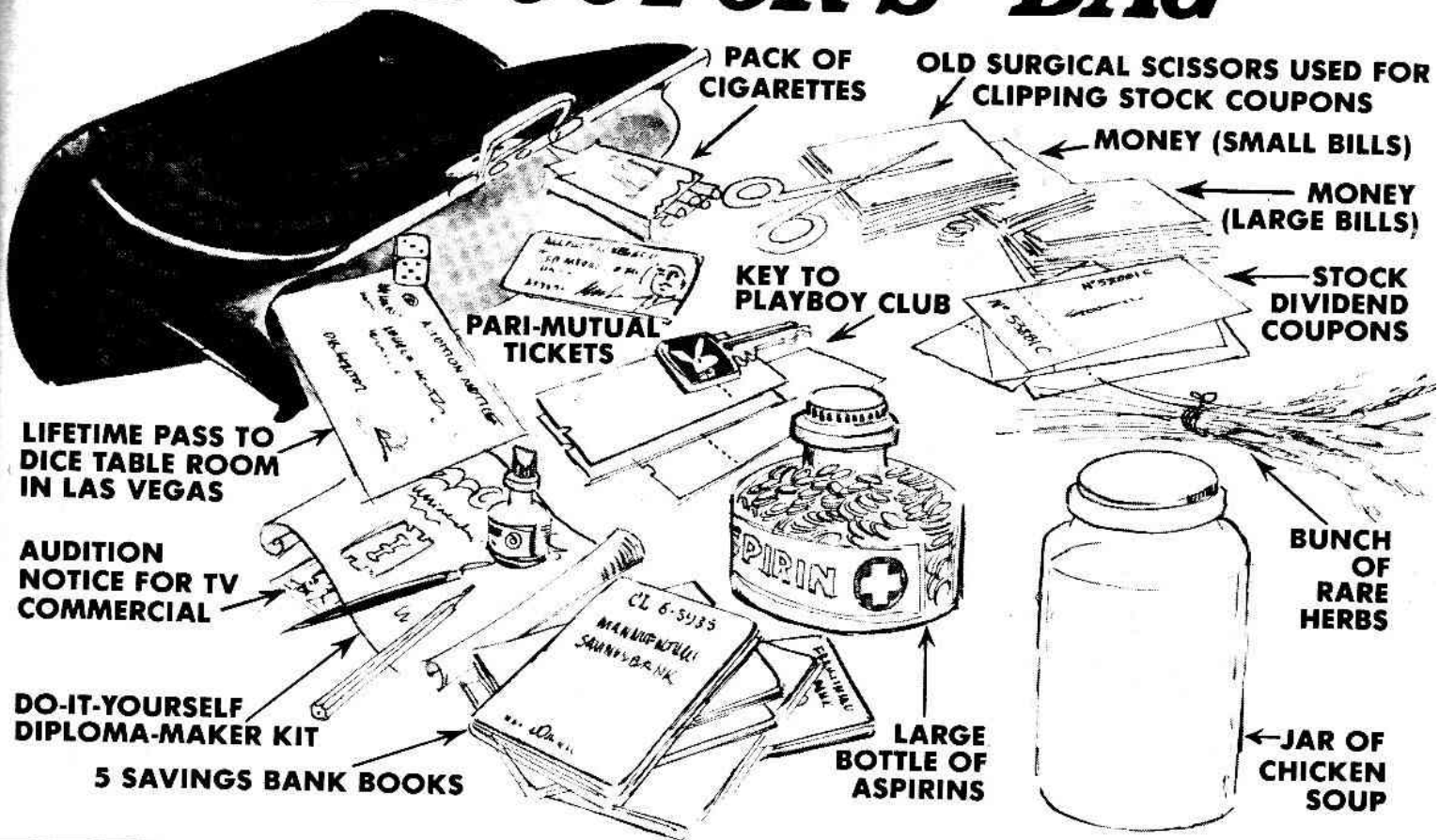
Ida Lumpino
Tuesday Welt
Roddy McTowel
Lorne Ganggreene
Barbara Rash

and Burl Hives breaking out in a new role

YOU MUST SEE IT FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SYMPTOMS!
Not since "Captain Blood" has there been anything like it!

Most people think that doctors carry medical equipment in their little black bags. This is far from the case. A survey of 1200 medical men showed that the following is...

WHAT'S REALLY INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S BAG



MEDICAL PREDICTIONS FOR 1984

A LOOK AT WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS

- DRIVE-IN HOSPITALS
- SPORTS-CAR AMBULANCES
- MINK TRUSSES FOR HERNIAS
- ORAL ENEMAS
- STEEL LUNGS
- FORM-FITTING BEDPANS
- NEHRU STRAIT-JACKETS
- OXYGEN TENTS WITH ARIZONA AIR
- DOCTOR'S LITTLE BLACK ATTACHE CASES
- CHICKEN SOUP THAT CONTAINS PENICILLIN
- 4-COLOR X-RAY PICTURES
- CREATION OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE CELLS
- SMELLING SALTS WITH CHLOROPHYL
- MORE CURES FOR UNKNOWN DISEASES
- MORE FIGHTING OVER MEDICAIRE
- NO MORE ARTICLES LIKE THIS ONE

MEDICAL GLOSSARY

- ABSCCESS**—Not present
RHEUMATIC—Upstairs sleeping quarters
MEDICAIRE—Doctor's aroma
TUMOR—Another pair
LUMBAR REGION—A wooded area
INSULIN—Very rude
MASTOIDS—Elephantitis disease
CAESARIAN SECTION—Part of a salad
DERMATOLOGY—The science of stuffing derma
THYROID—A flushed thigh
FIBULA—A doctor's little white lie
CEREBELLUM—Operate on stomach
CARDIAC—A chronic gambler
ENEMA—Something unfriendly
ORCHIDECTOMY—A floral arrangement
GASTRO—A convertible couch
RADIOLOGY—Science of short waves
HUMERUS—Funny bone
ENDOCRINE—Crime wave over
CLAVICLE—A musical instrument
DIARRHEA—A medical diary



For the spine
you love to
touch . . .

STERILE RUBBER GLOVES

GRIPS THE RIB CAGE—WON'T SLIDE ON CLAVICLE

Come alive!

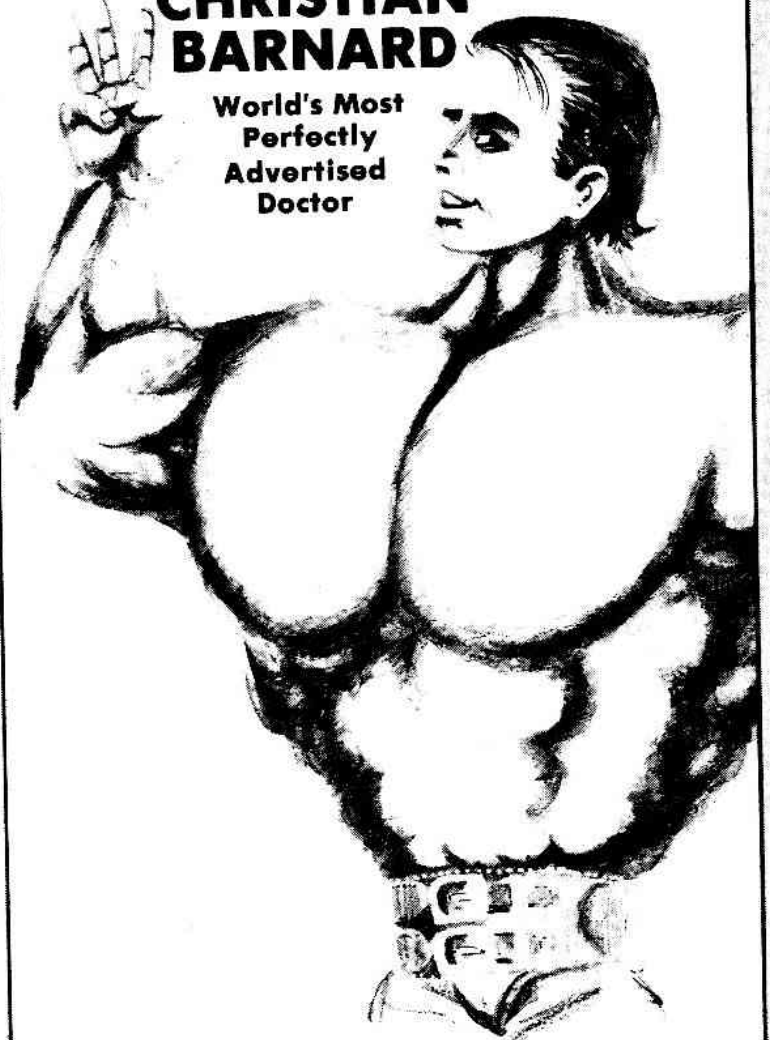


**You're in the
Penicillin generation!**

"I can make a new man of you in only 3 hours,"

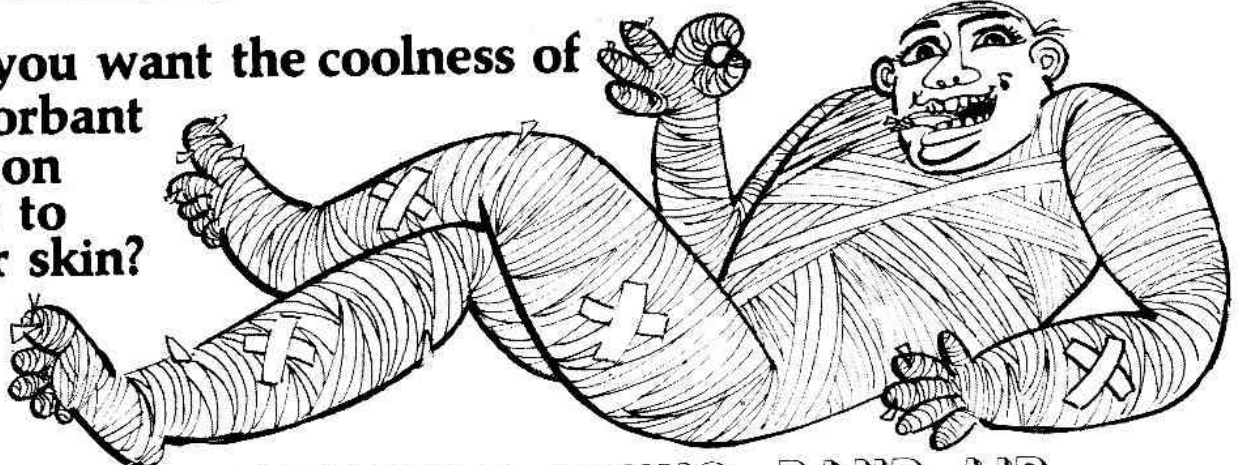
says
**CHRISTIAN
BARNARD**

World's Most
Perfectly
Advertised
Doctor



Come in today for a real heart-to-heart talk

Do you want the coolness of
**Absorbant
Cotton**
next to
your skin?



THE INCREDIBLE LIVING BAND-AID

MEDICAL MELODIES

TOP TWENTY SONGS OF ALL TIME

- Lump Your Magic Swell Is Everywhere
- That Old Gangrene Of Mine
- Try A Little Tender-Nurse
- A Fellow Needs A Gall
- Liver Come Back To Me
- Pop Goes The Wheelchair
- While Strolling Thru The Pancreas One Day
- You Go To My Health
- I've Got Plenty Of Novacaine
- What Can I Say Dear After I Say I'm Sterile
- I've Got You Under My Spleen
- I Don't Want To Set The Ward On Fire
- One O'clock Jab
- I'm Sitting On Top Of The Wound
- If They Ask Me I Could Write A Bill
- Virus I Born?
- Aorta Be In Pictures
- The Saccharine Time Around
- Darling Je Vous Aime Boo-Boo
- Full Moon And MD Arms

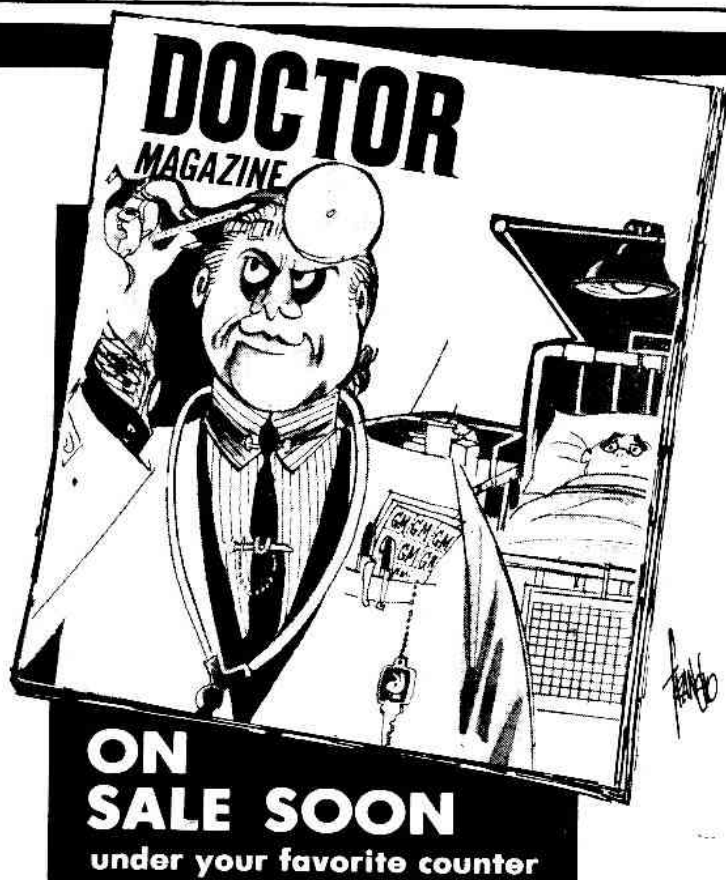
MOVIE MORGUE

A LOOK AT MEDICINE'S ALL-TIME GREAT MOVIES

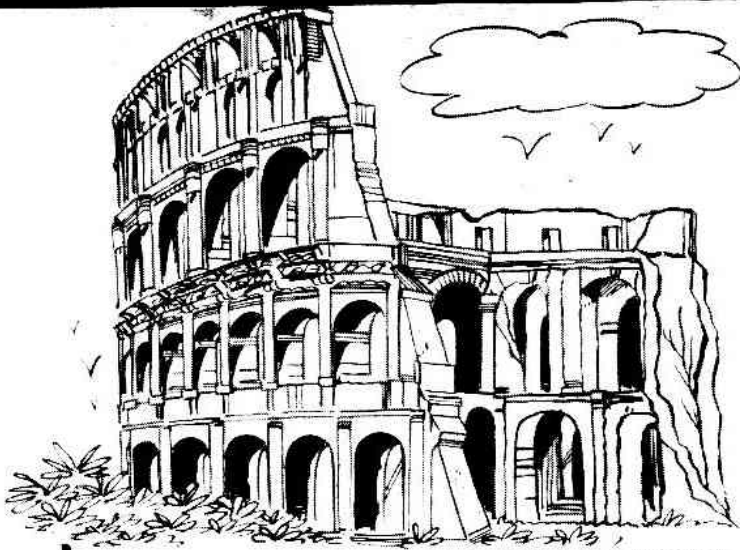
- GONE WITH THE WOUND
- THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LUNGS
- THE PAINS CAME
- HOW GREEN WAS MY VARICOSE
- CONVULSIONS OF A NAZI SPY
- A NIGHT AT THE OPERATION
- THE CORN IS GANGRENE
- MAGNIFICENT OBSTRUCTION
- PENICILLIN SERENADE
- RETURN TO PATIENT PLACE
- IT CAME FROM OUTER THE SPINE
- ROCCO AND HIS BURSTITIS
- IT HEMORRHAGED ONE NIGHT
- THE OXYGEN BOW INCIDENT
- BEN HURT
- THEY DIED WITH THEIR BLUE CROSS
- THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG
- ARSENIC AND OLD LUMP
- ONE OF OUR ARMPITS IS MISSING
- THE LIFE THAT FAILED
- THREE MEN ON A HEARSE
- KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HIVES
- LA DOLCE VIRUS

IN NEXT ISSUE

- Confessions Of An X-Ray Man:
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SEE IN THIS BUSINESS!
- Whatever You Got They Can Cure
And If Not—Life Is Short Anyway!
- The Rich Nut Who Had His Gallstones Removed
—And Had Rhinestones Put In!
- How To Make Out With A Registered Nurse
(First Find Out Where She's Registered)
- The Scalpel Left In My Stomach:
EVERYTIME I INHALE I CUT MYSELF!
- Waking Up Patients To Give Them Their Sleeping Pill
- A Profitable New Sideline:
OPENING CIGAR STANDS IN EXPECTANT FATHERS ROOMS
- How To Repair An Iron Lung
- Painting Gallstones By The Numbers



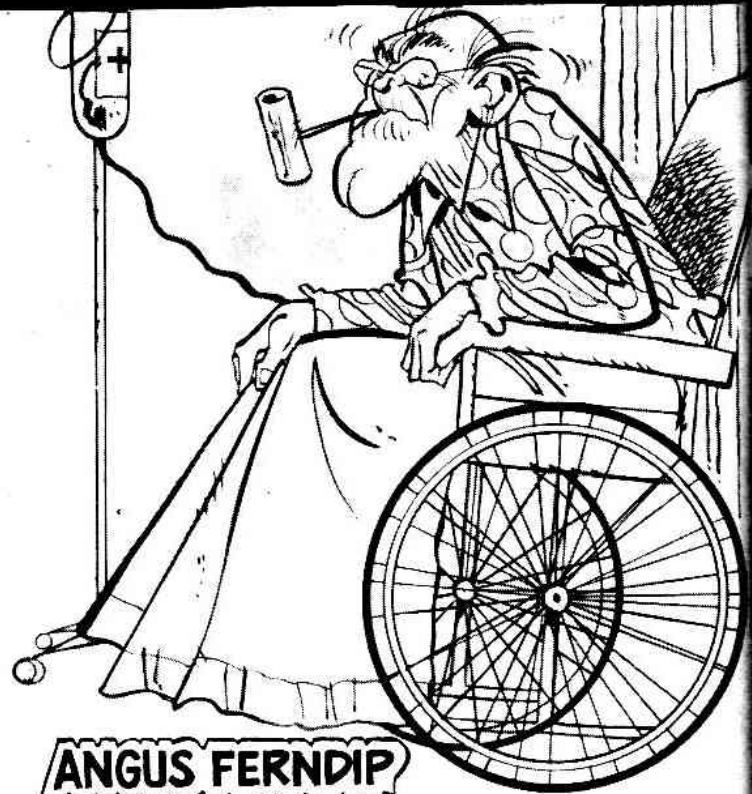
SICK as it seems... *by LANTON*



**THE GREAT ROMAN EMPIRE
WAS NOT REALLY IN ROME!!!
NOR WAS IT AN EMPIRE...
OR EVEN GREAT!**

...Actually, it was a small town in Sicily
..that the Mafia was trying to promote
as a tourist attraction!

"I can't help it, I'm just trigger happy!" - Roy Rogers



ANGUS FERNDIP

...of Racine, Wisconsin
WAS TOLD BY 14 DOCTORS THAT
HE ONLY HAD A YEAR TO LIVE...
AND HE DIED AT 102!
(THEY TOLD HIM WHEN HE WAS 101!)



Contrary to popular belief...
**QUASIMODO
WAS NOT HUNCHBACKED!**

(His back was straight...it was the
rest of his body that was deformed!)



HIRAM P. GURNEY
Salt Lake City, Utah
**CROSSED A MINK
WITH AN OCTOPUS!!**

(...Years later he got a fur coat
with 39 sleeves!)

VERNA SNODGRASS

(An Upstate New York M.D.)
**WAS THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR
TO COME FROM BUFFALO!**
(All the others came from normal parents!!!)

THE DIRTIEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN

"JUST PLAIN FILTH!"
—SICK Magazine

SPECIAL CUTOUT BONUS:

SICK

ECOLOGY STICKERS

— SPLATTER THEM AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD —

**KEEP
THIS
BLOCK
CLEAN**

Throw Your Garbage
Around The
Corner!

**RECALL
THERMOMETERS**

THEY HAVE TRACES
OF MERCURY IN THEM!

**FOREST
FIRES
PREVENT
BEARS**

**OIL
SLICKS
PREVENT
DROWNINGS**

**DON'T BURN
YOUR BRA—
RECYCLE IT!**

POLLUTION

IS A DIRTY WORD

ATTENTION
GHETTO HOUSE
PAINTERS:

**GET
THE
LEAD OUT!**

**FIGHT AIR
POLLUTION**

**KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT!**